



'TIS THE DRUM THAT CALLS ALOUD.

This is a translation from Busckert's well known German poem:—

"Tis the drum that calls aloud!
In the fields I heard its call,
And I rose and quitted all,
And I turned a deafened ear
To what heart or hope held dear,
Nor a backward glance allowed—
For the drum,
For the drum it called so loud!

Tears have dimmed my mother's eyes,
And my father vainly sighs;
"Father, mother, cease to plead—
But one sound my ears now heed,
And I burn to join the crowd,
With the drum,
With the drum that calls so loud!"

Oh! the drum, it calls so loud!
At the harkstone—in the seat,
Where I used my love to greet!
Pale she sits and cries with woe,
"Must thou—wilt thou from me go?"
"Sweet, to thee my heart has vowed—
But the drum,
Oh! the drum it calls so loud!"

Oh! the drum it calls so loud!
From my comrades in the fight
Comes to me a last good night!
And I know death's greeting well,
Bursting from the fiery shell,
While in dust my ear is bowed,
Though the drum,
Though the drum still calls so loud!

Oh! the drum it calls so loud!
Earth has not a louder sound
Than the drum on battle ground,
And its voice is honor's breath,
Though it calls to blood and death,
And a soldier's gory shroud!
For the drum,
Oh! the drum it calls so loud!

HORSE TAMING.
THE RAREY OF 1837.

The subject of horse taming on rational principles, appears to have occupied the mind of one Jonathan Smith as long ago as the above stated period, although the method adopted by him does not appear to have been quite as pacific as Mr. Rarey's. Read what Smith said:—

"Every groom and trainer, has his own way of bridling, and managing horses. I am a teacher of the art; I can tame the most ungovernable horse in one hour. I will make a horse follow me without bridle, halter, or saddle, stand quietly while I crack a whip repeatedly over his back; make him give me any foot at command, and lie down." "Agreed, agreed!" cried half a dozen voices. "Bring up Madison's mare, and if he can do half what he says with her, he must deal with the devil." "No, gentlemen," said Smith, "there is no devilism in it, but plain common sense, as you shall see. Take the mare into that house out yonder." (It was a log house, about 20 feet square.) The mare was a wild skittish young thing, high tempered withal, disposed to kick and bite, and would not let a stranger touch her. "Come, gentlemen," said Smith, "let us go to the stable." As he went along, he examined carefully a whip which he carried, formed like a wagoner's, but lighter in the handle and longer in the thong and lash. When he got to the door Smith said no man but himself must enter. "Look through the cracks and see what I do, and how I do it." In he went suddenly and very boldly, and before the mare could survey him, he was giving her the lash on her hind legs and thighs, with quick sharp strokes. Around she went, kicking, jumping, backing out and seeming as if she would break through the side of the house, keeping at the greatest possible distance from him. No rest, no breathing time was given; the sweat began to flow, and the mare became slower in her movements, and occasionally to turn, so as to screen her hind legs from the lash. When she turned her head towards him, and approached nearest, he stopped the whip, stretched out his hand towards her and said, "come along." But she was off again instantly, and again the lash was applied. Presently she stopped, turned and looked at him. He reached out his hand, stopped whipping, and touched her neck, saying again, "come along." But there was no come along with her, there she stood. Suddenly away he leaped, and plied the lash and repeated "come along." She soon came toward him, and stopped. He was watching her, and the moment she began to advance, he did also, so that now he was near her; he patted her; stopped whipping, and as he moved away said, "come along." She began to move with him; but as if panic struck, a moment after darted off. The lash was poured into her. She stopped, trembled, and lunged. "You'll see now," said Smith to us, "they generally do this when giving up." She approached; he patted her neck, stopped whipping, and said "come along," moving slowly from her. She now obeyed, following him several times around the room. He patted her neck, and as she was following him he suddenly darted away and began with the whip crying, "come along." Instantly she was at his side, and the whip ceased to flash through the air, and he was patting her neck as she followed him around. Whenever she legged, he was away, and the whip applied. Never after that would she remain two feet from him. "You see, gentlemen," said he, "the principle. The whip never touches her to hurt when near me; nothing near me, or that I bring to her, is to hurt her so much as her fear of me, or any thing in contact with me." He then took off his glove, thrust his fist into her mouth, and then rubbed it on and in her nostrils. After a few more times around the room, the mare following close to him he said, "open the door." The door was opened, and the mare followed close to him off to the crowd, and through it, and back again to the stable. He came out closed the door and said, "this, gentlemen, is always the first lesson, and never has to be repeated. After a horse follows in the stable, it is but to make him do it in a small lot where he cannot escape you. She will now follow the smallest boy, who will go in alone, give her the whip, and say, 'come along,' for a treaty has been formed with her to this effect, that when near you, she is

never to be struck; but if at a distance and disobedient, she suffers, not after that fault but during its commission. By this treatment her whole nature will be changed, and she may be taught, by the rational application of the principle, to do any thing that a horse can do. I will now show you that she will let me handle her feet, &c., so soon as I teach her what I want her to do. She came up to him; he patted her shoulder, and carried his hand down her foreleg; she drew back and trembled. In an instant he was away from her, and the lash applied with "come along." Up she came and he began again; she now stood fast, while he ran his hand over the leg, patting and soothing her. He then went from leg to leg, till she stood perfectly quiet while he handled them. He then slightly tapped the inside of the foreleg, and said, "foot, foot." She raised it on the toe; he took hold of it gently, but firmly raised it from the ground, and patted her, then stopped a few moments, and repeated it to every foot. "She now understands," said he, "that when I slightly tap her leg, and say 'foot,' I want her to give it to me. She will do it, for if she does not, she well knows the consequence. I will be off yonder, and the lash will take my place; I'm the most agreeable of the two. Horses taught this will never kick you; they are not only afraid, but from the association of ideas take pleasure in your touch; it is the sign of peace. I will now put her confidence in me to the severest test." He raised the whip, laid it on her back, rubbed her with it; she trembled like a leaf till she stood nearer to him as for protection. He patted her; shook the whip over her, then increased its motion parallel to her back till it whizzed in the air, without ever touching her, louder and louder it sounded, till he began to crack it over her; once only did she retire, and was back again instantly; for in a moment she felt the lash. After this she suddenly recoiled, raised the whip and said, "come along." Up she came; then he cracked it over her very often, and she never moved from him.

"You see now, gentlemen, that cracking the whip is also a sign of peace. She will come to it if you will deceive her. Suppose your horse is afraid of an umbrella, or anything else; take it into the stable, make him follow you with it on your arm; then touch him, then hold it over his head, then on his back, and then take him into a lot so small that he cannot escape you, and make him follow there in like manner. He will soon cease to fear anything when you thus prove to him that it will not hurt him. Break your colts and fillies in accordance with these principles, and they will play no tricks. Give your colt a first lesson; at the next, make him come up, lay the bridle on his head; when used to it, put it on, make him follow with the bridle on, without holding it, then lead him. Handle his legs, and feel them as you have seen done today. Teach him also to bear the crack of the whip near him and over his back. These several teachings should occupy fifteen or twenty minutes, twice a day, for three or four days, then you may bring your blanket and circingle to him; go on as with the umbrella. When he is used to them girth the blanket on; make him follow you with it on; do this several times; after that, bring in your saddle, use him to it in the same manner. Put it on, and make him follow; after he is used to it, lay over it a long narrow bag, with thirty pounds in each end, and let him follow with these on in the stable, and in the lot, with the bridle drawn as tight as when in the hands of a rider. Repeat this several times. After a day or two, you may increase your distance from him, towards the centre of the circle in which he walks. He will soon walk around the lot obeying the bridle of the boy. You may now bring in another gentle horse, with a rider on, to walk him, but before him at first. After a few walks thus in the lot, you may take them out, and with ordinary care, your colt is broken and gentle, without having injured himself or his rider. The lesson of punishment at a distance from you and teaching that near you is the place of safety and peace, with the consequent following you in the stable and out of it, is the first step always, and the key of the whole system. The first lesson must be made effectual, by perseverance and courage. I say courage, for some horses fight bravely in the first lesson; never afterwards, if subdued. If they merely kick and back towards you, the size of the room enables you, by keeping your eye constantly on them, and sideling round, to avoid their heels as you apply the lash. The horse will soon be tired of presenting his legs to you. But if the horse be a strong, high-spirited stallion, of some age, who, badly managed by a timid groom, has had his own way, when he turns his head towards you then comes the tug of war. In such cases, gentlemen, I make myself a little ugly and outlandish in appearance before I enter his presence chamber, which I do in a very bold, dashing style. (for horses are very subject to panic from sudden unusual appearances.) Before he recovers his self-possession and can wonder at any audacious impudence, I fall abroad of him like five-and-forty wild cats, and before he is sufficiently self-possessed to front me, he is inspired with some considerable respect for his new customer's courage and prowess. But after awhile, he begins to think the joke is carrying too far. He turns and gives you a look, which plainly says, 'who the devil are you?' Now he surveys you, notwithstanding the incessant application of the lash to the legs, fix his gaze on you, lays his ears close to his head, draws back his lips, disclosing his teeth, opens his mouth, raises his fore feet and dashes right at you. Woe to the timid braggart, who, with wandering eye and daunted breast, is not ready with hand and heart, and heels, and eyes for this crisis. Perhaps his time is come! Let no such person presume to exercise the art of mastering even much less the noble science of subduing the horse. But the fearless and practiced horse teacher is ready for the encounter. His eye is fixed upon him, he foresees the coming storm, and as the open mouth and high-raised hoof of the indignant and enraged animal approaches, he stands with his whip ready to give him a sudden and effectual blow, which does not require to be repeated."

Llangollen, Ky., February, 1837.

PROMPT OBEDIENCE TO ORDERS.—"Put down that pickle!" The words were uttered harshly and hurriedly by the sergeant to an ungracious private, who, carried away by his "hungry passions," had snatched a pickle from the barrel. "An' why should I put down the pickle?" queries the private mildly. "Put down the pickle—that's all I want of you," returned the sergeant determinedly. "Down it goes, then," returned the soldier, and stuffing it into his mouth, it quickly disappeared.

A BILL OF FARE.—A Chinese saloon has just opened in San Francisco. The bill of fare is as follows: Roasted B-w-wow, 25 cents; Bow-wow Soup, 12 cents; Roasted B-w-wow, 18 cents; Bow-wow Pie, 6 cents; Stews Ratified 6 cents. The latter dish rather bothers us. What is meant by stews ratified? Let us "paw."

A LONG WALK.—It is said that a man named Stephen O'Callahan recently walked three hundred miles in four days and three nights, in Dublin, Ireland, for a wager of £50.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

Fecamp is a town of about a thousand houses, and nine thousand inhabitants, in the department of the Lower Seine, on the coast of France, and has a singular irregularity of appearance. It is situated in a gorge between the lofty bluffs, or falaises, that jut out upon the sea, and other heights equally bare. The lower town extends to the sea, and the houses are huddled about the port, which is called Saint Valéry-en-Caux. Here a few vessels are equipped for the fishery of Newfoundland, and hence it was that the fleet of William the Conqueror, consisting of nine hundred of what were then called large vessels, beside many smaller ones, and transporting an army of upwards of sixty thousand men, sailed to the conquest of England. The commerce of Fecamp is principally confined to the herring and cod fishery, which employs about a score of vessels. The port is dry at low water, and as the tide brings in great quantities of sand, it would soon be filled up but for a very simple contrivance. A portion of the sea water is retained prisoner by a dam provided with gates, which are opened when the tide has retired, and the liberated waters sweep back all obstructions to their native depths before them. The falaise forms one of the ridges of rock among which the town is nestled, and is steep on both sides; but only enough so on the townward side to prevent the easy access of an enemy. It was the scene of an adventure in the days of Henri Quatre and the League, so wildly daring that it almost exceeds belief. The wind now sweeps uninterrupted over the bald summit of the falaise; but then the inhabitants of Fecamp, being leaguers, had erected a fortress on the very edge of the precipice, and laughed all attempts of the adventurous king to scorn. Nevertheless, it is as certain as any fact in history that a wild desperado named Boisrose conceived the plan of scaling the seaward face of the steep, and taking the fortress by surprise! This he proposed to do by climbing up, by means of a thick rope, at the head of fifty of his comrades; and, having gained over a friend in the garrison, who engaged to draw up the rope by a cord at a certain signal, he set forth on his adventure.

When Boisrose had mustered fifty picked men, they put to sea, provided with their enormous rope, or cable, knotted at regular spaces in such a manner as to make it serve more easily for a ladder. At nightfall they swung round, and steered boldly for the falaise. We must, however, let Boisrose tell his own story:—

"The weather had for some time been dull and gloomy during the day, and equally as the night set in. It was early in the morn, and the sky was covered with clouds, which, although brittle and restless, allowed not a twinkle of starlight to appear. The shoreward sea rolled in heavy and almost unbroken masses, although the white foam was dimly visible in the offing. We embarked at a point half a league from the village; each man wearing a helmet and a coat of mail, with his open-lie arms, consisting of a sword, dagger, and battle-axe strapped round the body. They reached the rock; and, having hoisted the signal light, a cord was let down from the summit, by which the cable-ladder was drawn up, and one end made fast above, while the other was attached to the boat, moored by a heavy anchor. All things went bravely on; we had hit our time to a minute; the sky was covered with a pall, the ends of which seemed to hang far over the horizon of the earth; the winds piped loud and wild, and the answering sea danced and shouted to the sound; there was not a twinkle of starlight above, and below there were only the white heads of the billows seen dim and far in the waste. It was now the dead watch, and deep middle of the night.

Boisrose harangued his men; the winds, waves, and rocks, shouted their applause; and the sea rising wildly around us, broke in a deluge over our heads. They sprang upon a rope and began to ascend, Boisrose the last, with a knife between his teeth for the purpose of cutting the rope beneath him on the first sign of mutiny.

We had gained the middle, three hundred yards from the surface of the sea, and three hundred yards from the surface of the land. We were in total darkness; and the rope, notwithstanding our enormous weight, agitated by the rocking of the boat and the rushing of the storm, swung and swayed like a thread.

"Hold fast!" cried the lieutenant at that moment; but there was no need of the command. We had all stopped suddenly, as if we had been one man, and clung with a death grip to the rope. We knew not whether the danger—imminent, mortal, and overwhelming—was above or below; but we felt as if we were lost. * * * The next moment the motion of the rope, which had produced these ideas, was repeated, and a shudder seemed to run through it from end to end. It then swayed so wide and so high, being carried with the boat driving from her moorings on the top of an enormous wave, that it was with the utmost difficulty we kept our hold; and it then broke from its lashings with a report like that of a cannon, and we swung far and free in the storm.

Thrice we were flung with such violence against the cliff that many of our helmets cracked like nutshells; but, at last, by desperate and continued efforts, grasping at the nearest fissures of the rock, we contrived to keep the frail machine comparatively steady. It was some time before we thought of resuming our progress; and there we hung, in the dead middle of the night, suspended three hundred yards above the roaring sea, and supported by nothing more than a rope fastened three hundred feet above our heads.

I at last became impatient, and passed the word to go on; but the order was given in vain. Notwithstanding my threat of cutting the rope in case of mutiny, it seemed as if the very fact of the existence of a communication with the boat had had the effect of nerveing the hearts of some of the men, which now failed them when that communication was cut off. Andre, the leader of the crew, he on whom I depended so much, sunk suddenly into a state of stupefaction and despair; and, when I demanded furiously the cause of the delay, word was passed to me from mouth to mouth, that he had declared himself to be unable to proceed a step higher.

The situation was terrible. The faint tones in which some of the men spoke informed me that the contagion was spreading; we should hang there, those who had nerve enough to preserve their hold till day-light appeared; and when discovered by the garrison, we should be dropped down into the hissing hell of water, with the deriding and exulting cries of the victors ringing, like the laughter of demons in our ears!

"Wretch!" I exclaimed, "it is better that one perish than all!" and, passing the word to hold fast, I climbed up the rope over the heads of my comrades. Each man as I reached him, assured me, although some with faltering voices, that his resolution was unshaken; and that if I only cleared the way, he would follow me to the death. But when I arrived at Andre, he was insensible; his voice was fearfully calm while he told me that he felt it impossible to go on; that he would remain there and die.

"That you shall not!" said I; the lives of so many brave men shall not be sacrificed to the despair of a coward!" and, grappling with him fiercely, I tore his feeble hands from their hold, and bent him down over the abyss. I knew not what withheld my arm, as I was about to send him headlong into the sea, but * * * I raised him up, and fixed his hands again upon the rope; and, with every exhortation that hate and scorn could teach the human lips, I stabbed him repeatedly, but not deeply, in the legs and back with my dagger. The sense of pain roused him to the sense of insult; and, at length, as I repeated my attack, his fear vanished, and, grasping the rope with one hand, he tugged at his sword with the other, to combat his enemy upon the spot.

"I will meet you on the ramparts," said I, sliding down the backs of my comrades to my original post.

"On! on!" cried they with one voice; 'the day breaks!—on, or we are lost!' and Andre rushed frantically up the ladder.

We at length gained the edge of the precipice and crept, one by one, upon the ramparts."

The astonishment and dismay of the garrison may be conceived when they found all on a sudden, in the midst of them, fifty men armed to the teeth. These mysterious visitors had not approached by the only accessible side of the cliff; and the idea of their having come from the clouds in a balloon must have seemed just as probable as that of their having crept up the perpendicular steep, which made a man's head giddy but to measure it with the eye. We need hardly add that the place was taken at a blow.

DANCING SNAKES OF INDIA.

In every country there exists a class of men who found their means of existence upon the credulity and curiosity of others, but in no part of the world is this class so numerous as in India. Scarcely has a stranger disembarked on that shore, when a crowd of jugglers, dancers, leapers, and others, surround him, and solicit the honor of contributing to his amusement, for the trifling consideration of a fanon, or about sixpence. Amongst this crowd of people, who live by their wits, those who astonish, and at the same time terrify the most, are the men who make the snakes dance; and this astonishment and terror is more increased upon learning that the snake which serves for this spectacle is the second on the list of those which are the most venomous; the bite of it is followed by certain death, after an interval of generally not more than fifteen or seventeen minutes. On the Coromandel coast this sort of snake is very abundant, and there, as well as throughout India, is called a cobra capello, or hooded snake; its ordinary length is from three to four feet, and the prevailing color of these reptiles is yellow, spotted with black; its form resembles that of other oriental snakes, with the exception of a pouch, which runs from the back of the head two or three inches down the back. This pocket is but little visible when the reptile creeps, or is in a state of tranquility; but as soon as it is moved by anger or by pleasure, it becomes inflated, and stretches on each side the head of the animal; it then presents a flat surface, on which a pair of black spectacles are stretched upon a dirty yellow ground. The head of the creature appears to issue horizontally from the upper part of this pouch. The quality which distinguishes this snake from all the other species, is its excessive fondness for music; and this passion, if such a term may be used, is stronger in it than even in the white snake; this is so incontestable, that when the place of his retreat is known, he is invariably caught by these means. The Indians who gain a livelihood by exhibiting, are also those who take them, and, as the method which they employ for doing it is not generally known, the following anecdote, which took place at the house of the governor of Pondicherry, may be considered as interesting:—During dinner, a servant came to inform the family that a large cobra capello had been seen entering the cellar. Orders were given that a snake-catcher should be sent for, and every one repaired to the cellar when he arrived. After having examined the place, to be certain where the reptile was concealed, the Malabar squatted down upon his heels and began to play upon an instrument, which in shape resembled a flageolet, but had something of the sharp sound of a bagpipe. Scarcely had a minute elapsed when a cobra capello, about three feet in length, crept from under a mat, and placed himself at a short distance from the man, raising and giving a sort of vibratory motion to the upper part of his body, and extending his pouch—an evident sign of the pleasure which the animal felt.

When all present had sufficiently witnessed this proceeding, a sign was made to the Malabar, who, seizing the animal by the end of the tail, took him up with rapidity and placed him in an empty basket. Before admitting him into the troop of dancers—for one of them he, as well as most of the cobra capello that are taken, was destined to become—it was necessary to deprive him of the means of being mischievous. To do this, he was placed at liberty upon the ground, he was then provoked by being struck with a piece of red cloth, fastened at the end of a stick, until at last he sprang furiously upon the cloth, which was then shaken with so much violence that his teeth were at length pulled out. He was then taken again by the tail, and placed in the basket. The baskets in which the snakes are kept, and of which the Indians generally carry six, are flat and round, and fastened like scales at each end of a piece of bamboo, which rests upon the shoulders of the bearer. When the person who keeps the reptiles exhibits them in public, he commences by ranging the baskets before him in a semicircle, and makes the snakes come out in succession. At the sound of the instrument the animal becomes erect, resting with about one-third of his body on the ground; his pouch is extended and he keeps up a balancing motion, the original impulse to which was given by the knee of the person who plays the instrument. Before concluding the exhibition, it is customary to make the snake cross this instrument, which is done by keeping up the sound, and advancing the pipe towards the animal, who on his side rests his head upon a calabash, through which this pipe is passed. After this ceremony the snakes are put into their baskets and carried away. A hard boiled egg is the nourishment which they daily receive.

A GOOD JOKE.—An illiterate shop keeper having an empty cask which he wished to dispose of, placed it before his door, and with chalk wrote upon it "for sail!" A waggish school-boy passing that way shortly after, and perceiving the mistake of the "vender of wares," immediately wrote underneath, "for freight or passage, apply at the bung hole."

A BULLY FIGHT.—A man in Pa., recently gored by a vicious bull, waited until he felt himself in condition, and then fought the animal with a cart stake. In a close yard. There was but one round, and the man triumphed. The bull's legs were broken, horns disabled, and one eye spoiled.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YORK, NEW YORK.—The returns of the census for 1860, prepared under the supervision of a Southern man, gives for the eleven seceded states a free white population of 5,561,650; and the total for the loyal population, including Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, and Delaware, 21,816,752. The actual fighting force that these respective divisions can or will bring to bear depends much upon circumstances, but allowing the liberal figure of one in five for the rebels, and only one in ten for the loyal people, and the former have then but five over one million, while the latter have over two and a half millions.

H. G., Milwaukee, Wis.—In playing the game of Faro, the cards are all out of the box except the last three, and the "cue keeper" represents, or shows a "cat hop," two tens and one jack. The better call the ten, ten, jack, and they come out of the box as they are called, but instead of the other ten remaining in the box, it proved to be a nine. Now, having called the ten right, can the better compel the banker to pay the bets?.....No. The mistake being made by the "cue keeper," the bank is not responsible therefor.

H. M. W., N. Y.—Plenty of exercise in the way of running, walking, jumping, and frequent use of the skipping rope, would tend materially to develop the muscles of your legs. Commence in a moderate manner, and increase your dose of exercise as you are able to bear it, without undue fatigue and prostration. We would advise you also, to consult a good physician to see if you are sound in health in other respects, as there are many things to be attended to besides mere exercise to achieve success in the direction you desire.

BEST KILLING, Buffalo, N. Y.—Four of us are playing: hearts are trump; my partner leads the deuce of hearts, the next plays the Jack of hearts, and I have the ace of hearts, and no other trump. Am I compelled under those circumstances, to play it?.....No, the deuce having been lead, you could withhold your ace, but had the Jack been lead, then you could have been compelled to play your ace.

S. V. A. F., Cincinnati.—We prefer not to meddle with family affairs, but as you ask our opinion so earnestly, we must say, that we should look upon the line of conduct that the lady has marked out for herself, as injudicious in the extreme. She should treat him at all times as indifferently as possible; and unless in the house of a mutual friend, shun his society altogether.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN, Providence, R. I.—Exercise with the Indian clubs, dumb bells, skipping rope, the gloves, or at any athletic sport almost, will help you. When walking, be sure to throw your chest well forward and infuse your lungs well, and if otherwise in health, you will soon reap material benefit. Don't forget to use plenty of cold water.

G. G., Philadelphia.—We can do no better for you than to respectfully refer you to our theatrical summary. Harry Linden had already sent for the letter when yours came to hand. Perhaps if this catches his eye he will send his address, when we will publish it for your benefit.

J. J. E., Nat. Langham fought a "draw" with Ben Caunt, September 21, 1861, for £200 a side, 60 rounds being fought in 90 minutes. The fight in which he (Nat) beat Tom Sayers occurred four years previously, namely, October 15, 1857, for £100 a side, 61 rounds, occupying two hours and two minutes.

G. S., New York.—Your queries are so much of a personal nature, that we must decline to answer. Write to the proprietors and professionals of the various establishments yourself, and you will possibly get satisfactory replies.

A FRIEND, Jersey City.—As many actors have gone to the war from that section, it is possible he may be among them; however, you might discover his whereabouts by keeping an eye on our current files.

U. P. A., New York.—Address a note in care of Frank Rivers, Howard Athenaeum, Boston, Mass., this week, and he will probably give you the information.

H. S. Albany, N. Y.—The party having too many cards and the one making the deal being partners, their opponents can call a fresh deal.

JOS. SNOW.—Excuse us, but we must refer you to P. T. Barnum, of the Museum, for information on snakes.

BALL PLAYERS.—1. There is such an Association. 2. Get "Beadle's Dime Base Ball Player."

D. M. McL., Moncton, N. B.—Address D. C. Winans, Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway, N. Y.

B. F. S., Boston, Mass.—The two lowest hands having tied, neither is entitled to a count.

Box 163, Albany, N. Y.—It was received, and appeared in our issue of date Aug. 17.

W. H. R., Brooklyn.—Send your letter and we will include it in our usual notice.

P. P., Philadelphia.—We have had no tidings of the lady for some time.

J. H., Wheeling, Va.—Flora Temple's best time was made at Kalamazoo, Mich., viz: one mile in 2 min. 19 3/4 secs.

BOWNS.—The first at Buffalo, the latter at Philadelphia.

J. W. D., Providence.—Genesee Falls, Rochester, N. Y.

J. D. C., New London.—We know of no such work.

T. H., Troy, N. Y.—No, not that we are aware of.

A DEAD BEAT TROT.—It was announced in the daily papers about two weeks ago, that two grand trotting contests were to come off over the Fashion Course, L. I., between the famous Flora Temple and the Kentucky gelding formerly known as Medoc, but subsequently named John Morgan. The recent protestation entered by the press against the gigantic swindles perpetrated in those matches, and the severe penalty since inflicted upon the parties engaged in "Hippodrome" trots, led to the consummation of an engagement which was calculated to inspire the public with more confidence in their honesty than those previously brought about. The multitude who had witnessed the former splendid contests between those flyers, were satisfied that the arrangement was "on the square," and there seemed to be considerable anxiety among the patrons of the turf to see another dash between them. The first trot was repeatedly advertised to come off on Thursday 22d inst., and preparations were made for "a drive on Long Island." On the morning of the 22d, two very singular advertisements appeared in one of the dailies, one stating that the trot would take place that day, and the other contradicting the first. What was to be done? Which advertisement was most reliable. The "peoples" were in a bad fix. The day and track were good, and the race should have come off. Sports around Lafayette Hall insisted that the thing would be "a go," and sports around the Bowery thought it would not. Thus the matter stood until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when vehicles of various descriptions were seen rolling along the different roads leading to the Fashion Course. Arriving there they found the gates closed, and were satisfied at last that the "grand trot" was a "clean dead beat." It was offered in explanation that the animals were not in condition for the great struggle, but that on Thursday, 29th, the event would take place without fail, honor bright! The disappointed had to make the best of this, and come back as wise as they went.

"TROT PAPERS."—The war has played "ho!" with business in general, and newspapers have not been exempt from its direful influence. Many papers have already succumbed to the pressure, and "gone in," some have removed to more "convenient" quarters, while others are taking in "all sail" in hopes of being able to weather the storm; and this does not allude to the weekly papers merely. The dailies are equally the sufferers. Their circulation has increased, to be sure, and everybody supposes, from this fact, that they must be making large sums of money; but this is not the fact. The circulation of a daily paper is not a source of profit, for in some cases the sheet of white paper on which it is printed, costs as much as the publisher gets for it, when printed. It is from advertisements that publishers derive their profits, and as these are very scarce since the war began, publishers are making more expenses than overplus, and some of them are very shady just now. Altogether it's "hard times" for the newspaper folks, and they have a pleasant prospect of being made soldiers of, if the war should continue for any great length of time. The "sensational papers" are terribly "afflicted."

THE SUMMER ENDER.—With the date of this issue of the CLIPPER, closes the summer of 1861, a season that will live long in the "memory of the oldest inhabitant," fraught as it has been with death, disaster, and deeds of dreadful note. Sporting interests have not been very lively, for many of our sporting friends have enlisted in defence of the Union, while those that remained with us lacked the spirit to indulge in those recreations so life among us in former seasons. Still, we have not been altogether without some out-door pastimes of more than ordinary interest, for there have been several exciting events both by "flood and field," as witness the recent rowing matches, and the cricket match at Long Branch. As a general thing, however, our sports have been dull, and we can look for better things until the integrity of the Union shall have been fully established, and peace declared. Till then, we must bide our time.

HEENAN'S CHALLENGE REPEATED.

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND'S REPLY.

WILL THERE BE A FIGHT? A FLAW SOMEWHERE.

Several weeks ago we announced, through the columns of the New York CLIPPER, that John C. Heenan, the Pugilistic Champion of America, had sent a letter to England, in which he made the offer to fight the champion of England, or any other man that England can produce, for \$10,000, on terms that could not reasonably be objected to. This news we gave to the world in advance of all others. This letter, we understand, was sent as a sort of feeler to a friend in London, its after course to be determined by events in America. Business with the Banica Boy not being in a very flourishing condition, he was advised to repeat his challenge, in a formal manner, through the sporting journals of New York; but John seems to be trammelled with a set of toadies, who will injure his cause now as they injured it in the great International Match. Some of these toadies subscribed, on paper, towards fitting out the American Champion when he left New York for England, with scarcely money enough in his pocket to land him safe at his first training quarters; but the money which should have accompanied these "paper subscriptions" was never paid in. Self interest was the one idea which governed those men; Heenan and his cause was of but little account with them; in fact, we have abundant evidence that Sayers was the man of their choice until Heenan had the champion of England at his feet, a whipped man. Well, in anticipation of another International Contest, the Boy is to be used again by these "paper subscribers," for their own benefit, while they are secretly giving "aid and comfort to the enemy."

On the 31st/inst of the current month, Mr. Heenan wrote the formal challenge to which we have already adverted, and sent a copy to us for publication in the CLIPPER; but it seems that he was induced to send our copy by "private hands," as the accompanying private note will show:—

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16, '61.
FRIEND FRANK—I send you by private hands a challenge from me to all England, hoping it will meet with a response from the other side of the water.
I remain, yours truly,
J. C. HEENAN.

The challenge—which was sent to the CLIPPER by "private hands"—was not delivered to us until Tuesday, August 20, the day after we went to press, while the same "private hands" handed it in to another journal one or two days previously, in order that it should appear in that week's issue in advance of us. The news contained in the challenge had been anticipated by us, we know, some four or five weeks, and nothing was lost in that respect; but what we object to is the manner in which Mr. Heenan's instructions were carried out, for we cannot believe that the Boy would be a party to such a "dead beat" game. The "private hands" knew to the hour the time at which we are accustomed to go to press, which is from 4 to 6 o'clock on Monday afternoon. Our office was not closed until nearly 7 o'clock on last Monday; but soon after, it appears, the letter was left with a man doing business in the basement of our building, and by him delivered to us on Tuesday, when our paper was being circulated all over the country.

As a matter for future record, we herewith append the challenge as drawn up by Mr. Heenan, although the facts were given by us weeks ago.

CHALLENGE TO ALL ENGLAND.

WASHINGTON, August 15, 1861.

TO THE EDITOR OF N. Y. CLIPPER.—Dear Sir—In consequence of certain remarks that have recently appeared in English Journals, in which my name is again brought forward in connection with the championship, I wish, through you, to say a word. It is said that Mace—now that he is champion—desires, above all things, to meet me; and it is also said that he is willing to make a match for the championship, and for as much money as £2,000 (\$10,000) a side. Now, if there is any sincerity in this offer, it affords me an opportunity to say what I will do.

Notwithstanding the unfair manner I was dealt by when I was in England (from which I entirely acquit Tom Sayers), I am willing to try her maxim of fair play once more, and will fight the best man England can produce for the sum of Two Thousand Pounds (\$10,000) a side; and if Mace is thought to be her best man, I will, of course, fight him. I allude to him in this way, because I do not think he is her best man, and because, when I was in England last, I was frequently abused by many writers, for the reason that Tom Sayers was a small or man than myself.

In making this offer, I, of course, intend to include the winners of the pending match for the championship between Mace and King; and, though I consider that I already won the match, you may, as a matter of form, challenge for that, too. Let me say, however, that in consequence of the manner in which I was hunted and harassed when endeavoring to train before, and also in consequence of the ruinous treatment I received from the crowd at Farnborough, at the conclusion of the fight with Sayers, I would prefer to fight Mace, or his conqueror, or whoever the selected man may be, on this side of the Atlantic—say in Canada. In that case, I may be obliged to him, out of the main stake, £500 for his expenses, and give him a bond in £1500, to guarantee against any ill consequences that may arise with the fight in my behalf. If, on the other hand, I am required to go to England, I shall expect the same allowance, and an equal guarantee.

On these terms—which I believe are as fair as can be made—I will meet Mace, or any other man whom Englishmen may prefer. For the Championship of the Empire, and for the latter portion of my offer is the most acceptable, I will go to England as I went before, alone and without local influence, and test again, by a still more deliberate verdict, the force of that other British maxim, which infers that the best man may be allowed to win even though he be a stranger, and not a Briton born.

Please send me no more offers, and whenever you get an answer, and will notify me of it, I will place in your, or any other, hands, as much money as the other parties may require to bid the match, or as a first deposit. Hoping earnestly that you may succeed in having this match made, or, if declined, that there may be an end of pretended English offers in connection with my name, I remain, yours, respectfully,
JOHN C. HEENAN.

As we have already stated, the offer is bold, manly, and straight to the point. Mace, the present champion of England, is now matched to fight King, in January; but from Mace's reply, incorporated in this article, to the challenge sent to London some weeks ago, and previously alluded to as having been first given to the American public by us, it would seem that he is willing to try conclusions before that event with the King pin. But his willingness therein expressed is nullified to a great extent, by his setting the maximum sum that he will fight for at £200 or \$2,500, while Heenan quotes the price at \$10,000: a wide difference, it will be observed; but a difference, perhaps, that may be adjusted by compromise, as even now, he states that he has increased that sum, to "accommodate" Heenan. Very accommodating, truly! When it will cost Heenan at least one half or £250 to pay expenses of travel and training, Mace need not take the "absurd challenge" so much to heart either, as it was by no means directed exclusively to him; but to "the best man that England can produce," so that his "surprise" was altogether premature, and the closing paragraph of his reply might have been withheld for a time, at least. However, as the matter stands, we must take Mace at his word, and believe that Mace prefers to do battle with Heenan above all others, and that therefore, as he is in an accommodating mood, and to make his assertion good, he will at once announce his willingness and readiness, to swell the sum from £500 to £2,000, when of course, the match might be considered to all intents and purposes as "on," as, if this chief difficulty is removed, the minor affairs would be doubtless, easily adjusted. As champion, Mace, as he says, need not leave England to fight; therefore, supposing that he should accept Heenan's terms, the battle would most assuredly be fought on the other side of the Atlantic, but, owing to the necessary diplomacy and arrangement of details, and the time occupied in exchange of communications, not probably before June of 1862. Here is Mace's card, however, from which our readers may draw their own deductions:—

JEN MACE, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, TO HEENAN.

"Mace having seen a challenge purporting to emanate from Heenan, in which he does not wish to take odds, and if Heenan means fighting, and not bawling, he can be on from £200 to £500 a side at any time. Mace is aware that Heenan knows that the rules of the P. R. are such that no champion of England can fight for the belt out of England, and is surprised at such an absurd challenge. Mace has increased the amount of stakes to accommodate Heenan, therefore he can be on either before or after he fights King. Mace being champion of England, is open to fight any man in the world, Heenan preferred, for from £500 to £500 a side. Mace means business, he is that Heenan will answer this through the Sporting Life, and not challenge him out of the ordinary course."

Notwithstanding Mace replies for himself in the above manner, the pride of Great Britain in the "physical superiority of her people" will induce our English cousins, perhaps, to look up a bigger and better man than Mace to do battle for her. The chance for \$10,000 is one that seldom offers, and though Tom Hyer's challenge for a similar amount was never accepted, yet there may be a disposition now to try conclusions, since Sayers stood up so manfully in the Farnborough fight. If the challenge should not be accepted, the prestige of the English Prize Ring is gone.

And now, let us say a word to John C. Heenan. Beware of false

"friends." You were surrounded with them in your previous encounter, and they are beginning to gather around you in anticipation of another essay in the English Ring. You know them well enough; you know how they treated you before when you were suffering under the depressing influences of a defeat at the hands of John Morrissey, and when your real friends were few and far between. Some of those true friends—who stood by you through good report and through evil report, and who stoutly advocated your cause in the face of the greatest opposition—you have apparently ignored since you returned to this country with a name and fame; their places seem now to be occupied by men who ridiculed and abused you when you were in adversity, and if you continue to harbor them they will drag you down deeper than they have already dragged you. We can give you names if necessary, but you are not so blind as not to understand us.

A word more. If you have anything to communicate to us, we would rather have you trust Uncle Sam than such "private hands" as lately did your errand. We admire fair competition in business, but we abhor "dead beats," so let us advise you not to trust to "private hands" anything intended for us, unless you know the party to be "on the square." You understand us fully, we presume. We should like to see you pull through the proposed encounter with success, but if you suffer yourself to be made a tool of by designing D. B.'s, you will have no one but yourself to blame if the day goes against you. Fred. Falkland, Jimmy Cusick, the Bryants, and a few other "good and true men" were with you in your last contest, and they stuck by you until you, to a certain extent, let others worm themselves into your confidence, and take the places so well filled by the gentlemen we have named. Had Fred. Falkland and the others been retained by you, after the battle, we firmly believe that the original champion belt would now be in the possession of the American champion. But enough for the present. We may again advert to this subject. In the meantime, what of the challenge and the reply, and will there be a compromise, and another International Fight take place?

THE YACHT AMERICA IN BRITISH WATERS.—As stated in our last, the famous yacht America, which took down all the fast craft of Great Britain in 1861, was, in August 5, 1861, beaten by the British yacht Alarm, so that, it appears, it has taken our trans-Atlantic brethren ten years to get up something to defeat her, thus proving indubitably, that we were ten years in advance of them in the way of fast yacht building. It appears, furthermore, by a report of the present race given elsewhere, that the America was in the hands of inexperienced sailors. That, being the case, we see no cause for wonder at her defeat, or any reason why she should be compelled to take a second rate position, or we acknowledge that the Alarm, her competitor on the occasion, one little her superior; as, in the hands of an inexperienced "salt," no matter what the qualities of a yacht may be, defeat is almost certain, it being only one who knows how, that can take advantage of a craft's sailing qualities; facts which need no marine Solon to elaborate. We shall therefore decline putting another yacht on the stocks, until the America is beaten "on the square," and not by a false alarm as in this instance.

A REGATTA AT CORNWALL, N. Y.—Notwithstanding the pressure of the times and the war excitement, our boating sports make efforts to keep above the surface until another season may bring us peace, when this beautiful pastime bids fair to become a great and exciting sport with us. With a view of keeping the thing alive, a number of Josh Ward's friends will give a regatta at Cornwall on the 2d of September. Good regulations and fair play will be guaranteed. The judges will be selected from New York city, Newburg, Poughkeepsie, &c. Two or more prizes will be offered of sufficient interest to invite competition. Entrances are FREE and can be made with Wm. H. Barrett, Cornwall, N. Y., up to Saturday evening, Aug. 31st, to whom all communications as to particulars of the race may be addressed.

SEN HERR.—It has been suggested that Tom Sayers may be induced to enter the Ring again, in order to meet John C. Heenan in a trial test of physical superiority in the proposed match for \$10,000. Well, why not? He has by this time no doubt recovered from the injuries he sustained in his last encounter, and the heavy stake at issue may be worth trying after. If Sayers should conclude to toe the scratch once more with the Boy, it is to be hoped that he will make the trial on this side of the water. Sayers will meet with a hearty reception should he visit us, and in fighting in Canada he would find lots of friends to rally to his support. Let the gallant Tom think of it. A battle might be got off here while Mace and King are trying conclusions in England. Ten thousand dollars!

THE WAR.—The Union army is being gradually placed on a more reliable foundation, and traitors are being caught every day. This is well. The National Administration has heretofore been too feeble, and but for the retreat from Bull Run, many a traitor now in custody would have been permitted to continue to give aid and comfort to the rebel foe. The panic at Bull Run has infused spirit into our National departments, and the child's play heretofore practised has given place to energetic action. When the next "forward to Richmond" movement is made, the "scare" will be at the other end of the line.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING.—All is quiet in American pugilistic circles—no match making—and but little "talk," even, of match making. The ring is at such a low ebb here, that one of our light weights recently sent a challenge to England, offering to meet any man of his weight there that might offer. He might as well have directed his challenge to some of our own pugs, for the little "uns of the London Prize Ring have never made a response. Since the battle at Farnborough, there is not such an anxiety on the part of British pugs to tackle our boys as there was before that event. What's the matter?

"GOING IN."—Fast trotting stock speculators have carried their swindling operations just far enough to disgust the public, and to put a quietus upon the race course in this vicinity. The summer season has been anything but profitable, in a general sense; in some few instances, however, where "the thing was all set," a few of the "knowing ones" have "realized" pretty handsomely, the victims being the unsuspecting "patrons" of Flora Temple, and other fast trotting stock. We think, however, that the "plucking season" may now be considered at an end. Let us hope so, at all events.

"THE UNION FOREVER WEEKLY."—The first number of a new publication, issued by J. D. Torrey, No. 13 Spruce street, bearing the foregoing significant title, comes to us in a neat pamphlet form. We take pleasure in recommending it to our readers, as a work, designed to be invaluable for present and future reference in our Nation's History, including the events of the present rebellion, as they exist. It is published weekly, every Wednesday morning, at the low price of 10 cents. Frederick Gerhard, 81 Nassau street, is the New York Agent.

A HOUSE WARMING.—This process, would, at first thought, not appear either necessary or desirable at this time of year. But the term used in this connection, does not denote making a house thundering hot with hot-air furnaces, etc., but that a meeting of friends will take place at the Eagle Shades, No. 223 Centre street, of which the good natured and retired Izzy Lazarus is mine host, on Wednesday evening, August 28, when and where they will warm the cockles of their hearts over a good supper, in conjunction with suitable liquors, etc. We respectfully acknowledge an invitation to be "thar."

RACING.—There is little or no preparation being made for race meetings, either in the North or South. Everything is quiet, with a downward tendency. Doubtless some of the Southern turfs will be soon following the example of Mr. Ten Broeck, by trying a season or two on the British turf. Hereaway, while the war lasts, the turf meets with but little favor.

ON THE WAR TRAMP.—During the past week, Union troops poured into Washington and the "infected district" with a spirit which precludes all idea of compromise or peace until the rebellion is crushed. The young giant of the North is aroused, and the war path resounds with the tramp of the legions of Northernmen.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

For the past few weeks we have been rambunctious among the mountains of Pennsylvania, inhaling the fresh and invigorating air of that region of country, and enjoying the magnificent, wild, and romantic scenery which everywhere abounds in the valleys of Shawnee, the Lehigh, Cherry, etc., etc. A portion of our "far-rough" has been spent in the pleasant little town of Stroudsburg, in Monroe county, about four or five hours railroad ride from New York. To those who have heretofore spent the "summer months" at what are called "fashionable watering places," we would say, try the next season among the mountains of Pennsylvania, and if you are not better in health, better in pocket, and better satisfied with your trip than you ever were with any previous one, we will give you our head for a foot ball. In the vicinity of Stroudsburg are many really attractive points of interest, most of which can be reached by private conveyance, always convenient here, in a very few hours. At the distance of four miles is the "Delaware Water Gap," a wild and rugged spot, where the Delaware river makes its way between two lofty mountains "with verdure clad."

The "Kittatinny House," which is kept open "all the year round," is situated on the Pennsylvania side, nearly at the base of the hill, and from this point you ascend the mountain, upon which are a number of places which never fail to reward the visitor for the toll he is supposed to undergo in reaching them. Among those which are most worthy of attention are Cooper's Cliff, Tangle Rock, Caldeco's Falls, Moss Cataract, Lover's Leap, Prospect Rock, Rebecca's Bath, Eureka Falls, Mosey Grotto, The Echo, Sunset Hill, etc., all more or less beautiful, wild, and romantic. Should you prefer a drive, you have them in abundance, although the roads are rough ones to travel, the country abounding in cobble stones, and small rocky fragments; but this jolting, it should be remembered, may improve your digestive organs. About six miles from Stroudsburg is Traneus's Knob, from the top of which a view of the whole of Monroe county may be obtained, and also a look down into the Shawnee valley, with its many farms, which, from this height, look like so many flower gardens. Along Cherry Valley, which extends some ten miles, the scenery alone is worth a journey to see. Marshall's Falls, about seven miles from Stroudsburg, is another famous place of resort for visitors. These falls seem to have broken their way through an immense rock, the divided portions of which overhang the course of the stream, and nearly meet at the top. It is a frightful looking place, just what the sensation writers would term "awfully grand." Viewed from the base of the falls, or at the top of the mountain, the scene is equally interesting. Another drive is to Crystal Hill, six miles from Stroudsburg. On the summit of this hill, visitors may procure specimens of crystal which look as if they had been cut into shape by some skilful workman, but which, in reality, man had no hand in fashioning. By digging a foot or two down into the earth, these crystals may be found in profusion. This hill is rather too steep for horse travel, so you must make your way up its rugged pathway on foot. It won't hurt you, however; it is good exercise, and will give you a keen appetite for dinner. There are also the Bushkill Falls, thirteen miles distant; Pokono mountain, eight miles; Blue Mountain, four miles; Shawnee Hill, four miles; Paquahar, or Indian Grave Mountain, nine miles; State Quarries, three miles; Fox Hill, three miles, from which an enchanting view of Cherry Valley is had; and numerous other places of equal interest. About twelve miles from Stroudsburg is Paradise Valley, where Laura Keane, we were informed, spent a portion of her leisure hours last summer. The hotels in this section of the country are plain and country like; clean, and free from mosquitoes and other insects which so annoy the pent up denizen of large cities. Prices are reasonable—at the Stroudsburg House the terms are only five dollars per week for board and lodging; at the Delaware Water Gap, eight dollars, and at Paradise Valley, six dollars. The fare is plain, but substantial; just such as you require to enjoy life in the mountains. Altogether, a few weeks in this region is worth to you more than a whole season at Cape May, Saratoga, Long Branch, Newport, and such fashionable places, where people seemingly go to pass time away in dressing five or six times each day, taking no recreation whatever, and returning to their city homes, in ill humor with everybody and everything. A season among the mountains of Pennsylvania is a different sort of thing altogether. There is none of that affected air of superiority which is so often met with at the Capes, Saratoga, etc.; every one seems to go in for comfort; no one is looked upon as better than his fellow because he has got a finer suit of clothes upon his back, and a few more dollars in his pocket. To be sure, now and then a "fashionable" will appear, and put on "exclusive airs," avoiding contact with this or that one, and calling and making use of waiters merely because they are waiters, and when their services are not really needed; but such characters are, like angels' visits, very scarce, and create nothing but ridicule among the mountain people.

Were the beauties of our own State and of Pennsylvania more widely known, summer excursionists would not be long in deciding where to spend "the vacation." Gradually, however, the facts in regard to the beauties of our mountain resorts are being developed, and every year adds to the number of visitors. At the Gap, we were informed, the hotel was so full at one time, that some of the cottages in the vicinity of the Kittatinny House were engaged by the proprietor of that hotel to accommodate his guests. At Stroudsburg, the visitors were more numerous this year than last, and at Paradise Valley the same success attended the enterprise of the hotel people. To the sportsman, the country furnishes every opportunity for the pursuit of his legitimate sport; game of all kinds abounds in season; the streams are filled with trout, sun, and other fish, and the hills and valleys teem with pheasants, quail, woodcock, etc. We met quite a number of sportsmen during our recent visit, some with rod and line, in pursuit of the finny tribe; others, with dog and gun, looking up the feathered creation. They come from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, etc., and all seemed well pleased with their visit.

Stroudsburg is a town containing some 1700 or 1800 inhabitants, with the usual number of churches and blacksmith shops, but with quite a variety of stores and saloons, including ice cream and lager beer saloons. Many of the buildings are brick, but exhibiting very little beauty of architectural design. Flowers seem to be scarce, and what gardens there are, give evidence that the owners do not care to trouble themselves about order or regularity in their laying out, for the plants grow helter skelter, and in many instances flowers and weeds come up side by side; but the dwellings present a clean exterior, and, from the glimpse we had of the interior of several, neatness and cleanliness seemed to be the rule. The people are disposed to be social in their intercourse with strangers, and are kind and agreeable in their general deportment. They are extremely fond of riding, and parties of pleasure may be met in almost every part of the surrounding country. The principal hotel in the town is the Stroudsburg House, under the proprietorship of Mr. Charles Troch; with a little more experience in the conduct of a public house, Mr. Troch will not be long in learning "how to keep a hotel." The attendants, mostly young girls belonging in the town, are modest, civil, and obliging; of fair personal appearance, and attentive alike to the wants of all visitors, of "high or low degree." There are two or three other public houses in the place, and all, doubtless, have had a fair share of patronage during the season. A camp meeting, on the "Dutch plan," was held last week, in a wood about eight or ten miles distant from the town. It seemed to us, however, more like a country frolic than a gathering of "the faithful." The first tent that attracted our notice on our approach to the camp ground, contained "flying horses," for five cents for half a dozen turns. The attendance was liberal, and the proprietor of the "horses" was doing a lively trade. The next most attractive spot was the "tavern," here whiskey ruled supreme, and the country folks were having a "high old time." But we do not pretend to say that the "camp" had anything to do with these "outside arrangements," for "hangere-on" are just as likely to attach themselves to one camp as to another. Altogether, a sojourn among the mountains of the old Keystone State can be passed very pleasantly.

STARKER.—This now famous American specimen of a race horse has achieved wonders during the recent races at Goodwood and Brighton, and Mr. Ten Broeck is well repaid for all the toll, trouble, and vexation he has undergone since he made his first unsuccessful effort upon the British turf. This may be the turning point in Mr. B's fortunes in England, and the experience so dearly won, former campaigns may now be turned to account as a

THE AMERICAN STABLE IN ENGLAND.

MR. R. TEN BROECK AGAIN SUCCESSFUL.

Thanks to the great American invention—the telegraph—we were enabled, last week, to state the fact that Mr. Ten Broeck, with his famous little bit of horse flesh—Starks—had bagged the Brighton Stakes, but were unable to give any further particulars. More recent arrivals furnish them, however, and as the American public are deeply interested therein, we should not soon be pardoned if we failed to give them. It appears that Starks, by his brilliant running achievement at Goodwood, fairly frightened his, to be competitors for the Brighton Stakes, so much so, that all but four of the thirty-four subscribers backed down entirely, thus verifying our prediction that he would drive them Starks mad, and make the turtles of the land of John Bull run. "Beacon," in alluding to this particular event of the meeting, says:—

"With an acceptance of 24, a good field might have been anticipated for the Brighton Stakes, were it not that Starks, after his Goodwood display, seemed to hold the entire party safe, as inclusive of the 400 extra weight he had to carry for being second for the stakes there, his weight only reached 51b. Four antagonists had, however, the temerity to oppose him—Blue Jacket, Lysicote, Bally Edmond, and Pergus. The fielders stood staunch against the American, trusting, I suppose, to the prowess of the jolly tar, who had proved their friend on so many previous occasions, for there was nothing to be hoped for from the French mare, Lysicote, who appeared to be wholly deficient in size, power, and action, nor from the three-year-old, whose antecedents had marked them as a pair of incapables. The race was of course never in doubt, but how so many astute members of the Ring, with the plain "line" they had through Lifeboat, could have buoyed themselves up with the hope of Blue Jacket beating Starks, giving him 11b, is altogether beyond my comprehension."

The Brighton races were commenced on Thursday, August 8, and the race for the Stakes, which Starks won, was the third event of the day. The betting was even on Starks, 3 to 1 against Blue Jacket, 4 to 1 against Lysicote, and 7 to 1 against Bally Edmond. Blue Jacket showed in advance for half a dozen strides, and was then pulled back, when Pergus (wide by himself on the left) went in front to assist Starks, who "held level" with him to the top of the hill, where the young one caught a slight lead, Lysicote going on third, Blue Jacket fourth, and Bally Edmond last. At the commencement of the "loop," forming the New Course, Pergus increased his lead, but bolting at the extreme turn was out of the race at that point, and the rest closing up, re-entered the old course in a body. Bally Edmond then passed Blue Jacket, and Lysicote taking her place at Starks' quarters ran with them to the foot of the hill, and there gave way to Starks, who, in the opinion of the judges, was the best of whom failed to overhaul the favorite, who shook them off in rising the hill, and won "in a walk" by four lengths; wide intervals between the rest. We append a summary of the running:—

THE BRITISH STAKES (Handicap) of 150 sovs each, 10 f, and 5 only if declared, with 100 added by the Brighton Railway Company; winners extra; the second receives 50 sovs out of the stakes; the New Course, one mile and three quarters; 34 subs, 10 of whom declared.

Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Starks, by Wagner, 6 yrs, 8st 11b (including 4lb extra)..... 1
 Mr. Spencer's Blue Jacket, aged, 8st 10lb..... G. Fordham 1
 Mr. Saxon's Bally Edmond, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb..... A. Edwards 1
 Count de La Grange's Lysicote, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb..... H. Grimshaw 5
 Run in 1m 20s.

In the next event, being Mr. Ten Broeck's Annette ran, but made a poor show, being placed at the fall end of the lot, as is indicated by the following comments and results:—

THE BRITISH STAKES (Handicap) of 100 sovs each, with 100 added, for two-year-olds; winners extra; T. Y. C. (three quarters of a mile); 40 subs.

Mr. Smith's Queen of Spain, by King Tom, 7st..... Clement 1
 Mr. Monk's br o Beachy Head, 7st 7lb, (inc 5lb ex)..... G. Fordham 1
 Baron Niviere's br f Ballymore, 8st 10lb..... H. Grimshaw 3
 Lord Stamford's Donna del Lago, 8st 10lb..... A. Edwards 1
 Lord Clifden's The Golden Fleece, 7st 11lb..... Chariton 0
 Capt Lane's ch c Beech Loader, 7st..... W. Bottom 0
 Mr. Grawick's Deceptive, 7st..... J. Daly 0
 Mr. Saxon's Miss Livingsstone, 6st 12lb..... Midgley 0
 Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Annette, 6st 10lb..... Parsons 0
 Mr. G. H. Williams's Sagittarius, 6st 7lb..... Mitchell 0
 Mr. Fuller's St Bernard, 7st..... Parsons 0
 Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Annette, 6st 10lb..... Parsons 0
 Betting: 5 to 2 against Beachy Head, 5 to 1 against Queen of Spain, 6 to 1 each against Sagittarius and Miss Livingsstone, 7 to 1 against Deceptive, and 10 to 1 against Donna del Lago. They got away in very straggling order, and Ballymore being in action when the flag fell, soon had a half of half a dozen lengths; her nearest followers were Beachy Head, Beech Loader, Sagittarius, Queen of Spain, and Miss Livingsstone, closely packed together, the last of all being Annette, who got so badly off that she was never in the race. Descending the hill the French filly led began to lessen, and two distances from home she was passed by Beachy Head, and shortly afterwards by Queen of Spain, the latter of whom waited upon the favorite to the top of the bend, and then making her effort, won a fine race by a neck, Ballymore doing two lengths off, a neck in advance of Sagittarius, who deserved, though he did not obtain, a place. Donna del Lago was a bad fifth, Miss Livingsstone sixth, and Golden Fleece next; the rest were widely scattered, and Beech Loader did not pass the post. Run in 1m 21s.

On the next day, Friday, Mr. Ten Broeck's Santa Claus was one of two animals that commenced the sport, as given herewith:—

The first year of the third BRITISH CLUB BIENNIAL STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 50 added by the Club, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb; T. Y. C.; 7 subs.

Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Santa Claus, 8st 7lb..... G. Fordham 2
 Betting: 5 to 2 on Ensign, who followed two lengths off, as far as the distance, where he closed with Santa Claus, and for a few strides headed him; the latter recovered the lead again opposite the Stand, however, but was deprived of it at the top of the hill, and beaten easily by a neck.

On the same day he again proved successful, Satellite being the "charger" that carried his colors to the front, as below described:—

A Plate of 60 sovs; three years olds 9st 10lb, four 10st 10lb, five, six, and aged 11st; the winner to be sold for 400 sovs; mares and geldings allowed 5lb; to be ridden by members of the club; one mile.

Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Satellite, by Albion 6 yrs, 11st..... Capt Little 1
 Lord Portmouth's Vinegar Hill, 3 yrs, 9st 10lb..... Mr. Edwards 3
 Sir C. Roushott's Conqueror, 3 yrs, 9st 10lb..... Mr. C. Boynton 3
 Mr. Mellish's Gaylad, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb..... Mr. Wood 4
 Mr. Herpworth's White Wave, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb..... G. Fordham 0
 Betting: 2 to 1 on Satellite, 4 to 1 on Vinegar Hill, and 10 to 1 on Conqueror for second place. Conqueror cut out the work, with White Wave at his quarters, the favorite and Vinegar Hill lying next to the turn, where White Wave dropped away. Descending the hill Satellite took a slight lead, and Vinegar Hill joining Conqueror, the three ran in close company until half-way up the distance, when the favorite came out and won by lengths. Vinegar Hill beating Conqueror for second place by a head; Gaylad was a bad fourth, and White Wave, beaten off, did not pass the post.

These successes following so hard upon the Goodwood, and won too, by American stock, will have one good effect at least, that of proving that all our horses, notwithstanding our given reverses, are not "leather players," and that, at the same time, we are not altogether the "leather players" that they have hitherto been considered by the turf of Great Britain. Mr. Ten Broeck has, we doubt not, put money in his purse recently; we hope he may be still further rewarded with success for the perseverance he has manifested.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN IN ENGLAND.—Since penning the remarks, in connection with a card, in reference to this footed individual, we have received further particulars concerning his movements, by which it appears that he has already arrived there, and lost no time in throwing down the gauntlet. The editor of the *Sporting Life* in alluding to his arrival, says:—

"We yesterday, (Aug. 9) received a visit from Red Jacket, the Seneca Indian, better known as Red Jacket, who arrived from America, this week, to contend against our pedestrians. He has, we are informed, left a deposit in the hands of a contemporary, in accordance with the conditions of the articles, to run the holder of the six miles Champion Belt, and also to run for the ten miles Champion Cup. In appearance, he is a fine specimen of the sons of the forest, standing 5 feet 11 inches in height, and to all appearance weighing about 114 lb. His countenance is decidedly Indian, of a deep copper color, sharp aquiline features, straight black hair, piercing black eyes, and walks with an easy, gliding step, and looks altogether like going. He (when he called upon us) was dressed in full Indian costume—buffalo robe, &c. We should advise our clippers to look well to their laurels, as he means business and nothing else."

It also appears that he will not be left long idle, as he has already been addressed by one named Edward Mills, who publishes a card, couched in the following terms:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING LIFE
 Sir.—Seeing a letter in your last Wednesday's edition from Red Jacket, alias Deerfoot, the Seneca Indian, who intends visiting England to compete with our pedestrians, I beg to inform him that I will make a match for £25 or £50 a side, to run him from one mile to five; or if he wishes to contend for a champion's belt, I will run him for his own sum and the six miles belt, which Rowan has forfeited to me; and as his first visit will be to your office, if he will leave a deposit at the same time, I will cover it, and send articles as soon as possible, so that he can ensure a match as soon as he wishes.

I remain, yours respectfully,
 H. Hackney Wick, Aug. 9th.

EDWARD MILLS.

What with Turf, Aquatics, Ring, and Pedestrian matters, etc., it would seem that we are likely to have some lively times between the sports of the two countries. Amen, say we.

FALL EXHIBITIONS.—Although preparations are being made for the usual State and County Fairs, but little horse is entertained of a successful issue. Some, however, may more than realize expenses, despite the general depressed state of the country; while others again, which have hitherto netted a large surplus, will this year form a sort of the paying mark.

THE CHICKEN MATCH OF THE SEASON, in which an eleven of the New York Club play an eleven of All Massachusetts, commences on Tuesday of this week, August 27, and will be continued on Wednesday the 28th. It is to be played on the grounds of the New York Club at Hoboken, which is in splendid condition thereto. All lovers of the game will of course be on hand to witness it, as it may possibly be the only first class match they will have an opportunity of seeing this season.

A GOOD SHOT.—Recently, while gunning at Chelsea Beach, near Boston, a gentleman killed a small sea-bird, called the ring-neck, on the wing, with a ball from a double-barrelled fowling piece. A regiment of such sharp shooters would do good execution in wounding the rebels.

Why Not?—While the authorities are making efforts to suppress the publication of Ben Wood's paper, the New York News, why not suppress Ben Wood himself? Less diabolical men than he are now "fortified" in New York strongholds.

NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.

THE PRIZE RING, THE TURF, THE STAGE, &c.

LONDON, August 9, 1861.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—The ring excitement has become very great here again, owing to the arrival of your paper, the CLIPPER, with the challenge of John C. Heenan. Jim Mace has issued a challenge, offering to fight Heenan for £200 and £200, so Heenan can fight if he chooses, as there are numbers of people here who are ready to back Mace. Sayers and he are still traveling with the circus; Mace goes into training to fight King soon. King has already commenced training to fight Young Broome; he is a fine sparrer, well built, and is a great favorite in London; the betting is even. The betting for the Championship fight is 2 to 1 on Mace. Young Shaw and Tom Taylor fight soon for the championship of the feather weight, and £200. Shaw is the favorite. Tom Sayers (alias, poor Tom) is getting very fond of his pippin.

Mr. Ten Broeck has been very lucky lately. Starks has won to-day the Brighton Stakes, beating Blue Jacket easily. Starks is looked upon as one of the best horses in England, and resembles Flora Temple in a certain respect, as the older he gets, the faster he goes. Some thousands assembled to witness the race, and Mace goes. Amusements are not doing well, with the exception of Cremorne, which has been taken by E. J. Smith, and is doing a fine business, the warm weather being much in his favor. Mr. and Mrs. Don Bourgeois are rusticated at Brighton. Miss Julia Daly is starting it at the theatre there. The Chumy Minstrels finished their London season with the benefit of G. W. Moore and W. P. Collier, after which they took a vacation of one week, and commenced their fifth annual tour at Brighton on the 5th of August. Billy Burton was taken very ill, and was obliged to leave the company. Mr. James Hadock has been engaged to fill his place during his illness.

Joe Brown and Harry Templeton's African Troupe have finished their season, and are taking a vacation in London. P. W. Wood is still with them. Wash Norton has joined the New York Minstrels; they are performing at Knightsbridge Concert Hall, and doing a turn with Frank Diamond at Cremorne. Crocker, Ritter and Donaldson are performing at the Woolwich and the Grecian Gardens. The great Mackay has recovered from his late illness, and is performing at Weston's and South London Music Halls.

Wood and his son are at the Canterbury Hall, doing Nigger and Irish business, and are great favorites. The little boy is very clever; his style is like little Bobby. Farnberg and West are at the Kingston Music Hall. E. Warden is at Brighton, doing business for Buzi Young, who is giving his entertainment called "A Peep at Life." It is very good, and is attracting a large audience.

The great American bare backed rider, and Murray and Holland, the American clown, is traveling with Howes & Coughlin's Circus. The American clown, Mr. John Adams, and his family, attended one of the Christian's entertainments recently, on which occasion the Hall was splendidly decorated with flowers, and each member of the company wore a cockade in honor of the Union. The house was crowded by some of the most fashionable people in London.

The news of the late defeat of the Northerners has caused a great deal of sympathy here. The press here are doing well with the account of the great fight between the North and the South; but I hope soon to hear of a different result.

I have just heard from Liverpool that Eugene and Unsworth made their first appearance on Monday night. The "nigger business" is going down, owing to the market being overstocked with would be niggers. In London, and in fact in every town in England, strolling bands are playing in the streets for pennies, and every concert hall has one or more nigger performers, and the salaries are as low as 10 shillings (2½ dollars) per week. Some of them play in two or three places a week, which makes a decent salary. At Brighton Races to-day, I counted ten different nigger bands.

WIDE AWAKE.

AQUATICS.

EMPIRE CITY REGATTA CLUB.—The seventh annual regatta of this club will take place on Monday, 16th of September, on the usual four mile course of the club on the Harlem River. There will be four races consisting of one for six oared boats, to be rowed by amateurs; a single scull champion race, a four oared scull race, and one for two scull working boats. The distance rowed will be the same as the first race. After the regatta, on Tuesday, the 17th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Stephen Roberts; Vice-President, C. J. Thoms; Secretary, John G. Gazdary; Treasurer, Charles Cother.

REGATTA AT CORNWALL.—THE CHAMPION IN THE FIELD.—The friends of Joshua Ward, champion rower, have concluded to give a series of prizes for competition, open to all. Said regatta will take place on the Hudson, at Cornwall, near Newburgh, on the second of September. There will be two prizes offered, of sufficient interest to invite competition. The prizes will be a gold medal, and a good regulation will be guaranteed. Particulars as to details of race, &c., can be had by addressing Henry Quinn, Cornwall, N. Y.

YACHT RACE AT WHITESIDE, L. I.—A grand yacht race will be sailed at Whiteside, L. I., on Saturday, August 31st, open to all yachts less than forty feet keel. Prizes will be distributed to the amount of one hundred and fifty dollars. Sailing directions and full particulars can be obtained at 29 Warren Street.

YACHT REGATTA.—On Thursday next, 29th August, a grand regatta will be sailed at McEldown's basin, foot of Van Vorst street, Jersey City. There will be three classes of boats: first, a list of ten, of twenty-five feet and less. Second, for cat rigged boats of thirty feet and under. Two minutes per foot will be allowed for difference in length. The course will be from a stake boat off the Jersey City Yacht Club basin, to the Robbins' Reef buoy, thence back to the starting point, the course to be sailed over three times. Entrance fee, five dollars for each class of boats. The winning boat of each class will receive all the entrance money of her class. The second boat in will also receive a prize. The boats will start at 1 o'clock P. M.

THE BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB.—This yachting association, well known as one of the best and most spirited clubs in this country, is in excellent condition, having a full set of members, numbering about one hundred and twenty, and a squadron of beautifully modeled and handsome yachts. The following is a list of them, viz:—Boats, 30 tons, owned by J. Morse; Arago, 30 tons; J. D. Moore; Syren, 25 tons; L. A. Smith; Rattles, 20 tons; J. Jones; Zebra, 17 tons; Early Bird, 16 tons; G. A. Cooper; Rainbow, 32 feet; E. Pitcher; William Moore, 32 feet; W. Roberts; Whistler, 32 feet; H. R. Fowler; Orient, 30 feet; H. Smedley; Black Hawk, 30 feet; H. R. Haydock; Wild Wave, 28 feet; J. D. Fowler; Surprise, 28 feet; John Elberly; Contest, 28 feet; J. D. Fowler; Surprise, 28 feet; J. D. Fowler; Contest, 28 feet; E. Cuthbert; A. Carrington, 24 feet; J. R. Leggett; Lily, 27 feet; S. Smedley; Nancy, 27 feet; S. Longman; Zouave, 27 feet; A. Balmain; S. Smedley, 27 feet; L. I. Jones; Montauk, 27 feet; Ward & C. Jones; Laura, 26 feet; J. D. Moore; Sine, 26 feet; J. J. Jones; Star, 26 feet; J. D. Moore; Mary Theresa, 26 feet; L. I. Jones; Lionet, 26 feet; J. D. Moore; Alfred Partridge, 26 feet; W. Petrie; Niagara, 26 feet; J. W. Rich; Henry Hilliard, 26 feet; J. McGraw; Mystic, 24 feet; Spear, Wood & Co; Zulu, 24 feet; G. R. Aikins. The Brooklyn Yacht Club has a very handsome anchorage at Gowanus Bay, South Brooklyn, and also a pretty club-room for winter meetings at No. 9 Court street, Brooklyn. The following are the officers for 1861: Commodore, G. L. Balguy; Vice Commodore, E. Courlandt; Secretary, William T. Law; Assistant Secretary, William M. Ringwood; Treasurer, John Elberly; Messengers, J. M. Sawyer.

WINDFOL SCOTT ROWING CLUB.—This aquatic organization, which was formed some eight years since in Williamsburgh, under the auspices of Jacob Meserole, the former Register of Brooklyn, and styled the Metropolitan Rowing Club, has recently been organized on a solid and firm foundation. The following boats now belong to the club, viz: Windfol Scott, forty-two feet in length, and pulling eight oars; Judge Voorhes, four oared racing shell, built by that well known builder, James McKay, of Williamsburgh; double scull boat Jacob Meserole, built by Newman; and the seventeen feet boat Henry Taylor, built by Selous, and rowing two pairs sculls. The Windfol Scott boys have a very neat and appropriate uniform consisting of blue flannel pants and shirt, and white linen havelocks. This uniform is a serviceable and showy one, and well calculated for rowing pastime. The following are the officers for 1861:—President, Edward M. DeBoe; Vice President, James Donohue; Secretary, Henry Taylor; Treasurer, Frederick H. H. The club has at present twenty-five members, and the initiation fee is five dollars. The club meets on the 18th of September, at Captain A. F. Ketch's Washington Hotel, foot of Division avenue; and we may be permitted to remark en passant, that the gallant Captain fought patriotically through the Mexican war as an officer in Col. Harvey's famous Dragons, and was in the battles of Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec, Molino del Rey, and the city of Mexico. The Windfol Scott Rowing Club is composed of a very respectable body of young men, who are enthusiastically devoted to boating pleasure, and we are confident that their success will be felt in the promotion of the enabling sport of rowing in their city. They have a

fine corps of officers, and their worthy President, who has always been noted for his devotion to aquatic pursuits, will be ready to give the Windfol Scotts to a proud position among New York's amateur boat club associations. With "oars a peak," and cordially saluting their colors, on which is conspicuously displayed their patriotic motto, "We sincerely wish them all the success and fame they so richly deserve."

A REGATTA in which a variety of small sailing craft is said to have been entered, was announced to take place on Wednesday, 21st, from Pollock's dock, New Jersey. The race was to have been from that point around Ribbs' Reef, and back. The prize were not mentioned, and the entrance fee was as mysterious and uncertain as the prize. The affair excited little or no interest, the attendance being extremely small, and the whole object of the affair can be explained best by the proprietor of the hotel in that vicinity.

BALL PLAY.

ATLANTIC VS. NEWARK.—The return game of the home and home series between these clubs, took place on the grounds of the former club at B'ford, on Thursday, August 23, in the presence of fully 4000 persons, it being the largest assemblage seen at a match this season. The result was a victory for the Atlantic, but it was not obtained as easily as was the other, although the Newark party was weaker than they were before. The game was well contested, and both the Atlantic displaying some of their old style of batting. On the part of the Newarkers we noticed capital play on the part of Osborne, both in catching and batting. Stout also played effectively as pitcher, and Dusenberry did the same at 1st base. The left and center fields were actively attended to by Conway and Heinisch, both of whom marked their play with fine fly catches. Terrill batted some excellent ground balls, and made one or two good plays at 2d base. Colman also batted several good balls. On the part of the Atlantic the feature of their play was batting, and the good holding of the brothers Selous, Frank Selous especially playing well. For further particulars we refer to the score:—

NEWARK.					ATLANTIC.				
NAME.	R.	H.	RUNS.		NAME.	R.	H.	RUNS.	
Osborne, c.....	0	5	0	0	Pearce, c.....	2	5	0	0
Terrill, 2d b.....	4	2	0	0	R Selous, 1st b.....	4	3	0	0
Colman, c.....	3	2	0	0	Smith, 2d b.....	3	4	0	0
Dawson, 3d b.....	4	1	0	0	F Selous, 3d b.....	2	6	0	0
Dusenberry, 1st b.....	3	2	0	0	Oliver, f.....	1	0	0	0
Stout, p.....	1	1	0	0	Thwaites, c.....	4	3	0	0
Conway, 1st.....	4	1	0	0	Hawkehurst, r.....	4	3	0	0
Taylor, s.....	3	2	0	0	P O'Brien, p.....	3	4	0	0
Heinisch, r.....	3	2	0	0	Ross, s.....	3	4	0	0
Total.....	18	24	0	0	Total.....	36	36	0	0

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.									
1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	Total
Newark.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Atlantic.....	1	6	7	3	0	7	2	4	1-38

FIELDING.									
NAME.	Fly	B'd	Base	Total	NAME.	Fly	B'd	Base	Total
Osborne.....	1	4	0	5	Pearce.....	1	3	0	4
Terrill.....	0	0	0	0	R Selous.....	2	1	0	3
Colman.....	0	0	0	0	Smith.....	3	1	0	4
Dawson.....	0	0	0	0	F Selous.....	1	1	0	2
Dusenberry.....	0	0	0	0	Oliver.....	1	0	0	1
Stout.....	1	1	3	5	Thwaites.....	0	0	0	0
Conway.....	2	0	0	2	Hawkehurst.....	0	0	0	0
Taylor.....	1	1	0	2	P O'Brien.....	0	1	0	1
Heinisch.....	1	1	3	5	Ross.....	0	0	0	0
Total.....	14	24	6	44	Total.....	14	24	6	44

Passed balls on which bases were run—Pearce, 1; Smith, 1; Osborne, 1.

Home runs—Smith, 1; F. Selous, 1; Thwaites, 1; Oliver, 2; Ross, 1.

Struck out—Hawkehurst, 1; Ross, 1; Oliver, 1; Conway, 1.

Catches missed on fly—Stout, 2; Dusenberry, 1; Heinisch, 2; Taylor, 1; Ross, 2; Thwaites, 1; O'Brien, 1; F. Selous, 1.

Catches missed on bound—Osborne, 2; Terrill, 1; Conway, 1.

Umpire—J. G. Mum, of the Eckford Club.

Scores—For Newark, G. W. Moore; for Atlantic, G. W. Moore.

ATLANTIC VS. EXERCISE.—These clubs played their first match to-day on Friday, Aug. 16th, on the former's grounds at B'ford, the result being a victory for the "champions," who played quite up to their usual mark. The Exercise men were not so good as they had been in previous matches, and were unable to practice on their grounds, owing to the recent raising of the grade of the streets on 5th ave. In addition to this, two of their players were in a measure disabled. They, however, played as well as the circumstances would admit of, and, though defeated, they gave ample proof of their ability to make a stout defense even against such players as the Atlantic. The score:—

ATLANTIC.					EXERCISE.				
NAME.	R.	H.	RUNS.		NAME.	R.	H.	RUNS.	
Smith, 2d b.....	3	4	0	0	Simmons, 2d b.....	2	8	0	0
F Selous, 3d b.....	4	3	0	0	Cole, r.....	4	1	0	0
Oliver, f.....	6	2	0	0	Massey, 1st b.....	4	2	0	0
R Selous, 1st b.....	1	6	0	0	Hawke, 3d b.....	5	1	0	0
P O'Brien, c.....	1	0	0	0	Duncan, f.....	1	0	0	0
Thwaites, c.....	1	4	0	0	A Smith, p.....	2	3	0	0
Hawkehurst, r.....	3	3	0	0	F Toms, c.....	2	3	0	0
M O'Brien, p.....	4	2	0	0	A Toms, f.....	3	1	0	0
Pearce, c.....	1	5	0	0	Myers, s.....	2	2	0	0
Total.....	32	32	0	0	Total.....	17	17	0	0

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.									
1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	Total
Atlantic.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Exercise.....	2	2	0	0	15	2	6	2	0-32

Total.....671326 PUT OUT.....1172									
--Base--									
	Fly	B'd	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Smith.....	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
FSennoth.....	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Oiver.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Allen.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
P.O'Brien.....	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Thwaites.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
McGachura.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
P.O'Brien.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Peace.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
--Base--									
	Fly	B'd	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Simmons.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
Cole.....	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0
Deary.....	2	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hugh.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0
A Smith.....	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
F. Tomes.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
A. Tomes.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Myers.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0

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colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of sub-
scription have expired.

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

It must be manifest to anybody who has been in the custom of
reading the sporting prints of London for the past six months, that
in the English sporting world considerable anxiety is felt regarding
the condition of the P. R. That it is not as it should be, nor, with
a few exceptions, has been up to the mark for a long time, are facts
that require no declamation to impress themselves on the mind.
They are indeed self-evident; and while they are confessed to be so,
the men who regret them are laudably willing to bring a better
state of affairs about. The means, they acknowledge, to consist
principally, if not exclusively, in the introduction of a higher class
of men into the ring—men not alone of the requisite physique, but
of the requisite science also. This, if the P. R. is to remain a ra-
tional institution and a thing in association with the study of a
necessary art, they insist on.

They have plenty of evidence to prove the deterioration of the
ring, which they deplore, and now hope to see amended—many
battles to quote, where, whatever may have been the ordinary
qualities evinced by the combatants, there was an entire lack of
those other, higher acquisitions, without which prize fighting can
never be what it ought to be. With very justifiable pleasure, our
sporting contemporaries on the other side of the water advert to
the science of Mace, as a sign in the desired direction. What
science did for him is plain enough in his recent contest with an
antagonist who, in the comparison, was an overtopping giant; while
the hope is expressed that the same science will be obvious in the
forthcoming battle with King, and that the latter may also prove
himself fitting in what is more than half the battle in all ring en-
counters.

But the desires of the sporting world in England do not stop here.
Two thoroughly scientific men, well enough as they may be in
their way, fall very short of making up the measure of what is
wanted. There must be others with them—none of less merit,
though of much greater merit as possible. Here it is that the
names of Heenan and Sayers have been suggested—the first, ap-
pealing to the champion who possibly may again enter the English
ring; the other indicating the brave and tough man who, after
fighting a score of battles, may be induced to show once more in
the roped arena.

There are several reasons why the wish should be entertained
that Heenan and Sayers should meet again on the turf—among
these, the termination of the Farnborough encounter. It is true
that in the minds of all persons not terribly prejudiced, the battle
of the 17th of April, 1860, had one sure end, and only one. Not-
withstanding, the desire in many is that it should be fought over
again as it were; and it is honorable to the parties who, in con-
nection with this affair, have the right to cry "victory," that they
should be the most anxious for another meeting, so as to "make
assurance doubly sure."

So much for an incidental of the desire now current in the sport-
ing world of England, which, as we have already stated, points to
the restoration of the P. R. The re-appearance of Sayers and Heen-
an for once only, or even of Heenan alone, would be loudly wel-
comed by the sports abroad and here. The great international
contest, in bringing the two together, was the means of a mighty
furore which, it is thought by thousands of persons, has yet to real-
ize its proper culmination. However, there is one thing certain.
It is that the friends of the "manly art" in England, are waking up
to the requirements of the day, and that, if they act consistently
and with one accord, the wide gap between two generations of
pugilists, so notorious and for many reasons so lamentable, will
be suffered to exist no more.

As an indication worthy of observation, it may be referred to, by
the way, that it is no longer the sporting press proper that is alone
in the advocacy of the P. R., and the pointing out of what is to be
done for it. No; other journals have taken up the cause, and among
these, the ablest in talent, the most respectable in readers, and the
widest in circulation. So let us hope for the good time coming—for
the manly art of self-defence, at least.

AMERICA VS. ENGLAND.—It appears that the two countries are
about to be brought in contact, not in war, as some would have us
believe, and as enemies to our Union and friends of the rebels
make every effort to consummate, and some of our daily journals
here, that while preaching and bellowing for the government,
allow the cloven foot to stick out, but in foot racing contests, as the
following card, addressed to the editor of the *Sporting Life of Eng-
land*, will explain.

Run.—Red Jacket, better known as Deerfoot, the Seneca Indian,
of Cattaraugus, who intends to visit England for the purpose of
testing his ability for speed and endurance against the English
pedestrians, will sail for England on the 27th inst., by the steam-
ship City of Washington, and will call at your office as soon as con-
venient after his arrival. He has a recommendation to Mr. J. Mac-
donald, the trainer of Heenan. It is his intention to run for the
champion's belt, from one mile to ten, and will be prepared to
make the races about the 15th of August.

I remain, yours respectfully,
New York, Wm. Miller, for
July 19th, 1861. RED JACKET.

Our best wishes are with Red Jacket, but we are somewhat sur-
prised that he did not first beat White the Englishman who was
"planted" among us so surreptitiously some weeks since, before
leaving our shores, and launching himself thus among the British
Feds. We admire the manner of the Indian's introducing himself
across the water, however, in contradistinction to the manner of
White's presentation as the "Unknown" here. We fear that he
is not likely to meet with much success against first class run-
ners there, as they are shrewd and up to all the points. We shall
wait patiently, however, and see what we shall see.

AN AMERICAN INTERVIEW.—If we have not had a respite from the
heavy headings of our daily newspapers within the past week or
ten days, we have at least found those headings of less serious
meaning than their predecessors, and what is more, our latter
revelations from the seat of war have reached us contemporane-
ously with manifold rumors of gaiety and light-heartedness.
The presence in a favorite seaside locality, in the State of New
Jersey, of the lady hostess of the White House at Washington,
along with some members of her family and other distinguished
persons from the federal city, as well as the muster of celebrities
from New York and even from the "other side," have tended to
make the place in question resplendent for a time. The weather
has also favored this consummation, in suggesting out of door
gatherings and the playing of beautiful games—none the less
delightful to the eye of the spectator than they are generally ben-
eficial to the practitioners themselves. There have been in door pas-
times as well, where considerable good humor has been invoked
under motley guise, and the famous of history have been made to
show under influences they never, unhappily for themselves, real-
ized. This is all very pleasant, even to us, who have only to record
it—proving the elasticity of the human mind, in its readiness to
make merry in a season of depression, and to hope for an escape
from all present troubles.

NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB MEETING.—This club as will be observed by
an advertisement in another column, holds its regular annual meet-
ing at Troy in this State, on Tuesday, September 3d. A good num-
ber and some first class shooting is expected. Several members re-
siding South will be unable to meet with them, however, having,
we presume, all the practice with the rifle that they require.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

THE MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. WATERSON (Hindesfield) and Tho-
rold (Sheffield) is yet in abeyance, Mr. E. rusticating at the life of
Man. The score stands six to four in favor of Mr. W.—Manchester
Express.

HEENAN KOLICH is fighting away vigorously and triumphantly with
all sorts of comers, from evens to all sorts of odds, and begins to be
looked upon as the champion of European Chess.

NEW CHESS COLUMN.—We are in receipt of No. 1 of the *Baltimore
Sunday Times*, containing an able Chess Department of over two
columns in length. Our *Express* and best wishes to our co-laborer.

CHAS. H. STANLEY, Manchester, Eng.—Have you ever received a
copy of "The Chess Problem Tourney"? We sent you, as also
Messrs. Boden, Staunton, Walker, and Lowenthal, a copy.

ENIGMA No. 290.
From the *Manchester Express*.
BY M. LANCASTER.

Chessboard diagram for Enigma No. 290. Pieces are placed as follows: White King on e1, Queen on d1, Rook on a1, Knight on b1, Bishop on c1, Pawns on a2, b2, c2, d2, e2, f2, g2, h2. Black King on e8, Queen on d8, Rook on a8, Knight on b8, Bishop on c8, Pawns on a7, b7, c7, d7, e7, f7, g7, h7.

PROBLEM No. 290.
Respectfully inscribed to JAS. A. LONARD, Esq.
BY P. RICHARDSON.

Chessboard diagram for Problem No. 290. Pieces are placed as follows: White King on e1, Queen on d1, Rook on a1, Knight on b1, Bishop on c1, Pawns on a2, b2, c2, d2, e2, f2, g2, h2. Black King on e8, Queen on d8, Rook on a8, Knight on b8, Bishop on c8, Pawns on a7, b7, c7, d7, e7, f7, g7, h7.

WHITE.
White to play and compel Black to give mate in twelve moves.

GAME NO. 290.
Dashing game at the St. James Chess Club, between Herr Lowen-
thal (giving Kt) and Mr. Picconia.

Table with 4 columns: Attack, Defence, Attack, Defence. It details the moves of a chess game between Herr Lowenthal and Mr. Picconia.

(a) The strength of Mr. P.'s game was in the position of his Pawns
in the centre. By moving the P to the square that was given up.
(b) From this stage to the end, the game abounds with situations
of interest and difficulty.
(c) Had he played 16. B to Kt 4th, or to R 5th, the loss of a piece
would have ensued.
(d) This is the winning move.
(e) The position here is unusually interesting and instructive.
(f) If P to Kt 3d, the Attack replies P to P, winning easily; K
to Q would have proved equally fatal on account of the formidable
rejoinder, B to Kt 5th +, &c.

Our contributor P. Richardson gives Mr. L. Delart the odds of Q R.

Table with 4 columns: Richardson, Delart, Richardson, Delart. It shows a chess game between P. Richardson and Mr. L. Delart.

(g) This game was readable, at least, and the original will be
preserved as a literary curiosity; but will our contributor tell us
on what principles of Chess he now claims to be an expert?

We presume our emendation to be correct.
(A) A move at once pretty and pungent.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER.—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.
—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the
above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were
a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in
the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged.
We still regard it as the most interesting, voluminous, and useful
treatise ever published. Price \$2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.
50 Cents mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUINN,
Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
W. S. WRIGHT, New York.—All O. K.?
MARY E. M., Winoski Falls, Vt.—Waiting for your reply. It was
not the fault of Mr. K. that his reply did not appear sooner.

L. of the W., Buffalo, N. Y.—"Maid of the Mill" appears this
week. Keep on, "The Muddled Queen is good!"

H. SPATY, Buffalo, N. Y.—"L." is after you, neighbor S. Good!
This controversy will "benefit the anxious enquirer."

P. RICHARDSON, New York.—Your position appears this week, and
what is more, we regard it as a good one. We shall be pleased to
"extend the acquaintance."

RYTHS, Middleport, N. J.—We have made Acceptance acquainted
with your proposal. Acceptance proposes to finish the match
by mail. What say you?

Table with 4 columns: White, Black, White, Black. It shows a draughts game between White and Black.

Notes by L.
(a) This, the books say, forms the Maid of the Mill, which, it is
said, was so called because a Miller's daughter, in Lanarkshire, was
partial to this opening.

(b) This has always been put down a draw move by the best
players in Scotland, as well as by Spayth, author of *American
Draughts Player*; but I say it less without an if "Great Authority!"
I mean the greatest players in Scotland, "or any other man."

(c) Anderson plays 8 to 11, J. Nielson plays 8 to 9 for draws, and
Spayth, in his work, at page 172, var. 8, at 12th move, endorses
his play, but I say 12 to 16 knocks them all out of time, especially
Spayth.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 19.—VOL. IX.
BY W. A. KNIGHT.

Table with 4 columns: Black, White, Black, White. It shows a draughts game between Black and White.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 38th POSITION.

Next week.
POSITION No. 20.—VOL. IX. THE 39th POSITION OF STURGES.
BY P. RICHARDSON.

Chessboard diagram for Position No. 20. Pieces are placed as follows: White King on e1, Queen on d1, Rook on a1, Knight on b1, Bishop on c1, Pawns on a2, b2, c2, d2, e2, f2, g2, h2. Black King on e8, Queen on d8, Rook on a8, Knight on b8, Bishop on c8, Pawns on a7, b7, c7, d7, e7, f7, g7, h7.

WHITE.
Black to move and white to win.

WHITE.
White to move and win.

* This position, although it can
not occur in play, is not the less
curious.

MATCH GAMES.
BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND RYTHS.

Table with 4 columns: Black—Acceptance, White—Ryths, Black—Mary, White—W. S. K.

BETWEEN O. T. S. AND W. S. KNIGHT.
Black—O. T. S. White—W. S. K.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.
EDWIN F. BOOTH.

This celebrated actor was born in Hartford County, near Balti-
more, in November 1833, made his first appearance on any
stage September 10th, 1849, at Tresselt, in "Richard Third," at the
Museum, Boston, Mass. Made his first appearance in Philadelphia
May 22d, 1850, as Wilford, in "The Iron Chest," at the Arch Street
Theatre, for the benefit of his father. Made his debut in New York
May 4th, 1857, at the Metropolitan Theatre, as Richard the Third.

Mr. Booth possesses some extraordinary advantages. In the first
place, he has a most engaging person—Apollo in the beauty,
grace, and manly perfection of his form; his eye is large and im-
pressive; his forehead high and noble, his mouth and nose of the pure
Greek type; his skin is a pallid white, which, in Hamlet, lends to
his face a charm and fascination which have made deep imprints
upon the hearts of many of his fair auditors wherever he has per-
formed. In all the external advantages of eye, action, and expres-
sion, no living actor can compete with him.

Traditional tragic actors deal too largely in the making of points
to be natural in effect, or correct and even in its manner; hence,
in place of finished portraits, traditional actors give us only graphic
sketches, starting perhaps in the reality of the prominent features,
but still after all they are nothing but undressed sketches. The elder
Kean, immense as was his talent and remarkable his genius, was a
point maker; he would start over some portions of a play in a com-
paratively mediocre style, for the sake of creating some prodigious
effect in a particular scene, working up his energies to a culminat-
ing point, and then, as a natural sequence, from exhaustion of
mind as well as physique, becoming tame. His son, Charles, though
immensely more successful than his father, was in the same predicament.
So, too, was the elder Booth; hence it is natural that the theatre
should adopt the principles of his style, and follow the same road, in the
hope of achieving equal fame; but the traditions of the stage are
fast becoming obsolete; modern artists have inaugurated a new and
far more natural school of acting—of this school Rachel was a
bright exponent, and Richard the Third, her husband, was a
heroine should be natural, and like like men and women, and not
start and fret about like puppets clothed in fustian. I make these
remarks in connection with Mr. Booth with the view of inducing
him to ignore traditions, and take nature for his model invariably.

The future of this young actor will be as honorable as he chooses
to make it. It seems now that nothing stands in his way to a posi-
tion in the world of art as exalted as that which his ancestor father
held. The extraordinary powers which most of his performances
exhibit are yet short of their full maturity. Genius, it is true, is a
rebel against fixed laws; and to expect from the possessor of this
heavenly gift the adherence to scholastic standards, or those arbi-
trary methods which, fully adopted, make the acceptable artist, is to
invite sure disappointment.

That he does, in a rare degree, hold within him the divine spark,
is too palpable a fact to be disputed. There is enough of electrical
effort in every one of his delineations to atone for the dull formality
of a generation of players. Admit that through whole scenes—and
scenes as full of brilliant opportunities—you look vainly for any
token of inspiration; that that actor even goes by without yielding other
fruits than those of intelligent study and careful delivery of words
set down; that charges of creating a profound impression are a ma-
ter neglected—admit all this, and yet you may not quit the
theatre, after witnessing any one of Edwin Booth's impersonations,
without a conviction that a great dramatic light has shed its
glorious beams upon your soul, without something to set up in
the gallery of recollection.

To contend against a living memory is hard enough in any case;
but when, as in the case of this actor, there is a perpetual liability
to the hue and cry of imitation, the path to glory becomes the
steepest and ruggeddest of avenues. The public does not stop to
think that the mimic art the successful copyist is equal to the
creator. The latter only expresses what he feels, and the former
fruits than those of intelligent study and careful delivery of words
set down; that charges of creating a profound impression are a ma-
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ferred his genius into every line, and it is one of the most im-
pressive of artistic efforts ever presented to the
American public. His Richard is a thoroughly artistic per-
formance throughout; it is marked by no lack of care, but every line
and sentence is delivered with all the impressiveness that attentive
study can prompt or talent suggest. In the great scene of the
fourth act he delivers the lines with a terrible earnestness, with an
almost supernatural vigor and energy. The wild energy of his
voice is at times almost terrific, but the more quiet tones are full of
latent tenderness, and his every modulation is under the perfect
control of the actor.

His conception of the character of the wily minister is admirable,
and he brings out the characteristics of the man not only in bold,
broad lines, but in the most delicate shadings.
His "Hamlet" is very good. Nally the physical exertions of this
actor, in his broad brow, bright yet thoughtful eyes, his luxuriant masses of
dark hair, and figure of beautiful proportion and grace. This is a
very great point gained. Romance and mystery, philosophic
abstraction and madness of melancholy, are so easily compatible
with a sunbaked nose, knock knees, or violently red hair; neither can
we reconcile ourselves, without a cruel imposition upon the fancy,
to a Hamlet whose usefulness is the result of the wig-maker's
efforts and of paint and padding.

The whole of his delineation of this character is gammed with
radiant beauties. Take the whole of the second act—the advice to
the players, &c.—and estimating it by the standard of feeling,
what is there more common and more natural? Surely, the elocution
is free from extravagance of the high-prized school, whose
followers offend the ear by anthemic agonies and the bawling of a
beast. The words, every one of them, are spoken with the utmost
simplicity. Every gesture, too, is a natural prompting.
The earnest passion of the interview of Hamlet with his mother
is expressed with thrilling effect. It is one of Mr. Booth's highest
abilities that the entire genius of a scene is within the sweep of
his genius. It is not only in the force of oblations of rage, despair,
and remorse, which constitute so large a portion of the action of
tragic heroes, that he achieves the wonders which excite to
boundless enthusiasm; but in more tender passages, where the
homey, sweet affections and sympathies have play, he exerts a
wonderful influence.

Sometimes he compresses into a syllable a whole heartfull of
emotion. A tremendous power is given to the last word of these
lines addressed to the King:—
"In heaven; send thither to see. If your messenger find
Him not there, seek him I'll the other place yourself!"
Then again his scene during the mock play, was artistic and
excellent in the extreme; his every attitude and grouping admirable.
The closest scene with his mother, is rude and exaggerated,
especially in attitude and gesture.

Mr. Booth makes the Prince a confident, tenderly affectionate,
amiable young man, with no strength of will, and no particular
intentions, with all the keen perceptions of a sensitive heart, of
liberal and refined culture, of noble and courteous breeding. His
love for his dead father is intense; yet he heartily cannot bring
himself to determined vengeance, and the final blow is struck in momentary
impulse. His love for his mother is rather enhanced by the occa-
sional suspicious accusations of his thought; and every tenderness
of his nature is lavished on Ophelia. Here Mr. Booth's por-
trature is new; no one has ever thrown into the character so
much of the pathos of love, and of that general sentimentality of tone
that makes every emotion of a woman's nature seem to be a
Mr. Booth's Macbeth is a decided failure. It is beyond his mental
as well as his physical ability to do it full justice—his performance
is it very unequal—now admirable, then tame and common-
place—here unsatisfactory, and there flashing upon us the full blaze
of his histrionic genius. The leading features in the character of
Macbeth are very striking. It is true, it is a strong, and at
times cowed down through fear, but never becomes the seeming
coward, overcome by "preternatural soliciting." Mr. Booth makes
him. Macbeth is bold, bloody and resolute; the preternatural
agency that urges him, it is true, renders him at times nervous,
and he staggers under the weight; but these emotions are not
rendered visible to others, but are hid in the depths of his own
heart. His wife, being the prompter, alone has the means of seeing
Macbeth's power to grapple with the mighty elements which compose
this great character. He has simply studied the words and actions,
but his depths, his light and shade, his appalling soliloquies, and
their philosophy are beyond his reach, and hence he is a Macbeth
of words and not of deeds.

I have thus indicated my opinion of Mr. Booth as an actor. By
thus estimating him by an ideal standard I have paid an intended
compliment to his power. He is yet a young man. Let him go on
in the path he has so nobly entered, let him be true to his art and
to himself, and I predict for him a future career, as an artist, of no
common elevation.

[Next week Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis Baker, P. T. Barnum and
Prof. John Henry Anderson.]

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF
WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,
NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FORTY-ONE.

John Strong.—He Fights a whole Parish.

The Iron-arm Cabbage, as he was termed, was matched,
by Tom Belcher, against Joe Parish, the waterman, for
\$25 a side. This battle was decided on Moulsey Hurst,
on Tuesday, August 20, 1822.

The above beautiful spot was again selected for another
display of British prowess; but, strange to state, not one
hundred persons were present, when the office was given
for peeling. It is true, the Fancy were rather taken by
surprise as to the usual time, one o'clock, the Commander-
in-Chief having previously given orders that the battle
should commence at half-past twelve precisely; and at
twenty-five minutes to one, by Hampton clock, the men
were ready to "get the best" of each other. Owing to
this alteration, several swells were thrown out as to
witnessing the battle. Tom Belcher and Harmer were the
seconds for Cabbage, and Tom Owen and Joshua
Hudson were for Parish. The President of the Daffy
Club held the ticker. The odds were in favor of Parish.

Round 1. No time was lost, and Cabbage made play with his
hands, but Parish parried him well. The latter retreated, when
Cabbage followed him up; some blows were then exchanged, and
the left hand of the Bristol Boy gave him such a jawer, that would
have stopped a first-rate orator in a twinkling, and Parish went
down on his latter end. Cabbage was so strong, and anxious to
fight, that he ran after Parish, but on finding him down, he lifted
up his arms. It was what they call in Bermoudsey a run one; and
Parish seemed quite astonished, and looked about him with a wild
stare. Tom Owen, always alive, and full of chaff on these occa-
sions, assisted by his boy Joshua, picked up the Waterman, and
wrote the King of the Huns, with the violence of his blow,
"I believe you indeed," added Joe. "Nothing! why it would not
have made a fly with 'em." 7 to 4 on Cabbage.

2 Parish followed Owen's advice, and commenced sharp fighting
with his opponent, and had none of the worst of it. "Bravo, Pa-
rish! Go along, Joe!" The Bristol Boy, however, soon turned the
scale, and the Waterman was again down. 2 to 1.
3 Cabbage's left hand made an ugly mark on Joe's knowledge-
book, that seemed to operate for an instant on his understanding,
which made the Bristol Boy laugh at his success. Cabbage, quite
confident, and thinking he had "got Joe" as he said, like an Auctioneer's
Cabbage, was for adding ditto, but Joe said, "No," and made so
much ado about it, that Cabbage's attention was diverted, and he
found himself in contact against Parish's elbow, not only swelled up
big as an egg, but, to use his own words after the battle, "he
thought his arm was broken, and off from his body, so terrible
was the concussion upon his feelings." The round, however, was fin-
ished by sharp fighting on both sides, but so decidedly in favor
of Cabbage, when Parish went down, that 3 to 1 was offered.
4 Parish was pipped all around, and nearly gone. Short round,
and both down. 6 to 1.

5 The Waterman came up staggering to the scratch, and he had
scarcely put himself in attitude, when he became receiver-general,
and got a blower, by being floored, falling on his face. It was
all over. Parish was in the doldrums, and all Tom Owen's sycity and
braggadocio in bringing a man's noback to his right place failed;
as Joe's vociferation to awaken him to what was going on,
"Joe, Joe, my dear fellow, don't go to sleep—wake up, he's coming."
Parish just opened his eyes when time was called. Any odds.
6 Parish came up to the scratch quite abroad. It was a pity to
see him, and he was sent down without ceremony. "Take him
away!"

7 The Waterman endeavored to show fight, but it was all out of
him. It was only making a bad matter worse to receive additional
punishment, and not a shadow of a chance to turn the battle in his
favor. Here the President of the Daffy Club, in his capacity of
Umpire, suggested to his seconds that he ought to be taken away.

menous hitter; yet the loss of one eye was a great drawback to his powers. He was under ten stone, but capable and willing to fight any ten stone man in the kingdom. Excepting his wrist, he had not the slightest scratch whatever about his person.

GRAND CRICKET MATCH

ENGLAND'S TWO GREAT ELEVEN.

These two famous teams of cricketers have played eleven matches against each other, rather in favor of All England, as will be seen by the following summary, giving the when and where played, and by whom won, &c.:

1857, June 1, 2, 3..... Lord's..... All England by 5 wickets.
1857, July 21, 22, 23..... Lord's..... All England by 133 runs.
1858, June 7, 8..... Lord's..... United by 4 wickets.
1858, July 26, 27..... Lord's..... All England, in one innings, by 97 runs.
1859, June 6, 7..... Lord's..... United, by 38 runs.
1859, July 4, 5, 6..... Lord's..... United, by 9 wickets.
1860, May 28, 29, 30..... Lord's..... All England, by 21 runs.
1860, July 19, 20, 21..... The Oval..... Drawn, the United wanting 153 runs to win, and only 2 wickets to fall.
1861, June 3, 4, 5..... Lord's..... All England, by 5 runs.
1861, July 11, 12, 13..... Manchester..... Drawn. All England having scored 181 in their first innings, and the United 161; and All England 191 in their second innings, with 3 wickets to go down.

The July match, in 1857, was for the benefit of Dean; the July match, in 1858, for the benefit of George Parr; the July match in 1860, for the benefit of Martingell; the July match (at Manchester) in 1861, for the benefit of the Two Elevens. The other six matches were played (and very properly so) for the benefit of that admirable institution, "The Cricketers' Fund," and the present, the eleventh match, was for the benefit of "Tom Barker," the once renowned Nottingham batsman and England's umpire. It was commenced

On Monday, Aug. 5, at "The Oval," in glorious weather, and on wickets as perfect as wickets could be. The company was like the weather, glorious, and before the day waned, was up to 5,000, forming one of the most extended rings (in many places four deep) ever seen on the Oval. The All England Eleven played as previously announced; but the United had one change—John Lillywhite, finding himself not up to the mark in health, judiciously declined playing, and with equal good judgment, selected that excellent cricketer, E. Stephenson, to take his place. The United, for a wonder, won the toss, and at ten minutes past twelve, on a rare good wicket, the United began the hitting, with Griffith and E. Stephenson, to the bowling of Hayward (at the Pavilion-end wicket) and Willsher at the other. H. H. Stephenson kept wicket, Caesar stood point, George Parr slip, and Daft and Tarrant were at long-leg. Griffith didn't take at all kindly to it at first, but E. Stephenson commenced hitting in grand style, he made a fine drive off Willsher's first over for five (4 for the hit and 1 for overthrow) followed this up with a fine leg hit for 4 from Hayward (a boomer) then he made a 2, then a brace of 3's, (one from each bowler) and "then," in Hayward's seventh over, he was caught "mid off" by Jackson, one wicket down for 20 runs, 17 of which had been made by E. Stephenson, in a fine, mainly, dashing style. Carpenter, to the utter disgust of all lovers (legion) of his fine hitting, was "1 b w," and Caffyn caught at cover slip before either of them scored, so the second wicket fell for 21 runs, and the third for 22, and the United friends looked woefully blue, when Grundy—that fine all round cricketer, "Jemmy Grundy," went to the rescue, and Griffith warming to it a bit, made a 4 and a 2 (drives) off one over of Hayward's. This gave old Ben confidence, and Grundy, starting with a full cargo of it, both hit; the score rose to 68, when Willsher, who had bowled twenty-two overs (fourteen maidens) for 21 runs and a wicket, was removed for Tinley's, slows. They forthwith worked, for, in his second over, R. C. T. gave a coaxer to the off, Griffith stood it; and Geo. Parr, with his right hand, very finely indeed, caught it in slip (four for 69). Griffith's 31 was made by five 4's (three drives, a leg hit, and cut), two 2's, and seven singles—"all" the 4's, both 2's, and five of the singles being made from Hayward's bowling. Lockyer was the next United to go to the wicket and leave it, he made a 3 and eight singles, when he, too, was caught at cover slip; and Wisden, (to the regret of most people on the ground) was well caught at square leg by Daft. Bell was made at point, and so did the fifth wicket fall with the score at 105; sixth, at 106; and seventh at 109. Grundy (who was batting superbly) was then joined by Halton, the Colt from Stockton-on-Tees; he was evidently nervous, but played an over or two well, and showed judgment by well letting a coaxer to the off alone, made a single from a fine hard hit to "square-leg," finely fielded by Daft, and was then splendidly caught by H. H. Stephenson at the wicket (eight for 116). Grundy was then faced by Mortlock, and the score "riz," being 130 at 3 o'clock. After dinner, Willsher resumed bowling, but caught it warmly, 16 runs being made from him in six overs, so Tinley once more went on, and in his second over, brought the renowned Jemmy Grundy to grief, being easily caught by Caesar at short leg; but not until Grundy, by as fine an innings as ever he played, had made 72 runs, by one 5, (a magnificent on-drive from Hayward to the pavilion), four 4's (all brilliant cuts, two from Hayward, and two from Willsher), five 3's, eight 2's, and 20 singles. Grundy was loudly cheered on his retirement, called up to the Pavilion, and there complimented and rewarded with the Surrey Club's talent, £1, by the Hon. Secretary for his fine display of batting. Atkinson, the last United, then faced Mortlock, who, in driving a ball from Hayward for 3, broke his bat, or the hit would have been a 6. Atkinson made a drive for 3 and two singles, when he ran himself out; and thus, at half-past four, the United's first innings closed for 171 runs. Mortlock carried his bat out for a very finely played innings of 32, by two 4's, three 3's, two 2's, and eleven singles. Hayward bowled throughout the innings at the Pavilion-end wicket. Willsher and Tinley went on twice at the other end; but singularly, not one United wicket was "bowed" in the innings. The All-England men commenced their innings with Julius Caesar and Hayward, to the bowling of Caffyn and Atkinson. The latter began by bowling three maidens, but the second ball of Caffyn's fourth over bowled Caesar (one of All-England's wickets down for 5 runs). Willsher then faced Hayward, and Caffyn's bowling got hit by both batsmen. A consultation of "The United Chiefs," led to Griffith going on at Caffyn's end, and then the wickets fell. Nothing could possibly be finer than Atkinson's bowling, and in his fifteenth over he sent Willsher a big "un," so bowled "The Pride of Kent" was for 19, by two 4's (leg-hit and drive from Caffyn), two 2's, &c. Daft took the vacant wicket, but in Atkinson's following over, "How's that?" was shouted by Lockyer. "Out," answered Martingell, and amid a roar of cheers at that superb bit of cricket by Lockyer, Hayward had to leave for a fine, cautiously-played innings of 36, made by a magnificent drive for 5 from Caffyn, six 2's, and 19 singles—so did the second wicket fall for 56, and the third for 57. Geo. Parr faced Daft, who, in the next over, was very finely indeed c and b by Griffith (four for 61). and then H. H. Stephenson partnered Geo. Parr, who made a trio of superb drives for 4 each (two from Atkinson and one from Griffith), when Atkinson sent him a real gem—it won all the way; the rattle was heard b-hind, and Atkinson had fairly bowled Geo. Parr. "So let us liquor," said Atkinson, and "wet it!" they did, forthwith—this made five wickets down for 77 runs. Anderson made a cut for three from Atkinson, when he hit up a ball from Griffith, which fell into long-stops' hands (six for 80). Tarrant was the next comer, and H. H. Stephenson having made 13 by a drive for three from Griffith, three 2's, and four singles, was brilliantly caught behind by Lockyer, and thus, at seven o'clock, was the seventh A. E. wicket brought down for 88 runs, and this day of fine cricket was brought to a close, Tarrant being in with a two. The fielding, on both sides, was very fine; the United being brilliant, one or two

little bits by Wisden at slip, and Lockyer at wicket, were perfect treats to admirers of cricket, and so was the long-stopping of Mortlock and Diver, and the splendid style in which Daft and Tarrant fielded at long-leg; in fact, the cricket "all round" on Monday was a treat of a very high order.

Tuesday, August 6, was another day of glorious weather, of good cricket, and company—exceeding in numbers that of yesterday—the ring being a clipper. Old Tom Barker is now assured of a good benefit, enabling the old boy—with care—to smoke the pipe of peace and comfort the remaining days of his life. Play was resumed at twelve o'clock, Tarrant and Diver going to the wicket. Griffith finished off his unfinished over of Monday evening. Atkinson bowled a maiden to Tarrant, but the last ball of Griffith's second over bowled Diver (eight for 88). Tinley next hit two from Atkinson, superbly fielded by Carpenter at point. Tarrant finely drove one from the Yorkshireman to the Pavilion for 4; and Tinley cut one for three, from Griffith, whose sixth over used up the slow bowler, Carpenter making a difficult and excellent catch at point, having to turn round after it (nine for 104). Jackson, the last man, did nought, as Tarrant, immediately after, in blocking one from Griffith, blocked it into his own wicket; and thus, at exactly a quarter to one, was the All England's first innings finished for 106, or 65 runs to the bad. Griffith this morning bowled thirty-two balls for 11 runs and had three wickets, and Atkinson bowled thirty-two balls for 7 runs, but had no luck for a wicket. Tarrant's 13 was made by a drive for 4, three 2's, and three singles. He played well. At five minutes past one, the United commenced their second innings with Griffith and Mortlock, to the bowling of Jackson and Willsher. Mortlock was caught at square leg, and the first wicket fell for 6 runs, and then Carpenter joined Griffith. Twenty was up, when Griffith made a brace of 4's, from two successive balls bowled by Jackson, who retaliated by clean bowling (old Ben, who scored 17, by a trio of 4's (one a splendid drive from Jackson), at 3, and two singles (two for 36). Caffyn then faced Carpenter, and these two fine batsmen got so well set, that at two o'clock 50 runs were up, and Tinley went on at Willsher's end, and Hayward at Jackson's, but, nevertheless, the two went hitting so hot and hard, that at half-past two the scorers put up 80. Diver then took to wicket keeping, and H. H. Stephenson to bowling at Hayward's end (Mortlock going out to field for Willsher, who was too unwell to play). Runs were still made; and, at ten minutes to two, a cheer let us know the United had scored 100 again; thereupon Tinley's slows made way for Tarrant's fasts and in the second over of these, Carpenter was out "1 b w" for 44, finely obtained by one 4 (fine drive from Mortlock) five 3's, five 2's, and 10 singles. This brought the dinner call, and the United second innings, with three wickets down for 106 runs, "or 171 on." Caffyn being in with 36 to his credit. After dinner, E. Stephenson made 12, when he was finely bowled by Tarrant (four for 136). Caffyn had then got into fine hitting order, made a dashing fine drive for 5 from Tarrant, a 2, a rasping fine leg-hit for 4 from Hayward, a rattling on-drive for 4, and a magnificent cut for 5 from successively bowled balls by Tarrant, then a leg hit from Hayward for 3, when he was superbly c and b by Tarrant—"twas a fine catch. Grundy was just previously c and b by the same bowler, and thus the fifth wicket fell for 152, and the sixth for 157. Caffyn's 63 earned him the talent money, and was made up by two 5's, five 4's, two 3's, six 2's, and fifteen singles. Wisden and Lockyer brought the score up to 180, and Hayward on to bowl again, when Wisden was caught at point for 14, (seven for 196); Bell next, and out came the welcome Surrey loving cup to the baked and tired All-Englanders. Lockyer was, directly after, caught cleverly at point by Tinley, off Hayward (eight for 201), his 26 was put together in rattling style by four 4's (all fine drives) a 3, two 2's, and three singles. Halton (the Colt), made two 4's, two 2's, and two singles, when he was "used up" by a slow; but not until he had shown there was some very promising hitting-stuff in him (nine for 224). The two last men, Bell and Atkinson (notwithstanding the latter received a very severe and dangerous blow from the ball), rattled up the score in merry style. Bell made 28, by a splendid drive for 5 from Tinley, two 4's, a 3 &c; and Atkinson 13, by two 4's (drives from Tinley and Hayward, fine hits), a 2, and three singles, when he was finely bowled by Tarrant, the United innings collapsing at twenty-five minutes past six, for 260 runs. There had been seven changes in the A. E. bowling, which was indisputably collared; and the hitting in the latter part of Caffyn's innings was "terrific." At a quarter to seven, the All-England Eleven began their second innings, having the pleasant task before them of making 326 runs to win. Jackson and Tarrant began the hitting to the bowling of Griffith and Mortlock. Jackson went to work forthwith—made two 4's (cut and drives), a cut for three, and a single, when he was finely had behind by Lockyer. This with four byes (from the wicket-keeper's hand) made sixteen for one wicket, when the stumps were drawn for the day.

On Wednesday morning, in magnificent weather, and to a large company (for a third day), play was resumed at twelve o'clock; Tarrant and Julius Caesar hitting, and Griffith and Atkinson bowling. Seventeen runs were scored off Atkinson's last two overs (he bowled three only), so he made way for Grundy; but still the two A. E.'s hit, Caesar being in rare form—20, 30, 40, 50, and 60 were rapidly put up on the score-board, when, in Grundy's fifth over, Tarrant was very finely caught at the wicket, by Lockyer (two for 64). Tarrant's 19 comprised a splendid cut for 5, from Grundy; a drive for 4, from Atkinson, a 3, a 2, and five singles. Daft, then, at a quarter to one, faced Caesar, and Caffyn went on to bowl at Griffith's end, but 80 was quickly up. When 100 was up, Atkinson went on at Caffyn's end; and when 118 was made, Griffith relieved Grundy; but, notwithstanding all this change, the United—who were then fielding very badly—found no change in Daft and Caesar; 130 was on the board, and Mortlock tried one over to part them—he could not; but Lockyer did in the next over, for, by another splendid catch at the wicket, Daft had to leave, (three for 122). There appeared now a chance for the old "uns, but this soon collapsed. Hayward was next to the wicket, Mortlock gave up the ball to Wisden; and the last ball of his first over, Hayward sent back, and was very finely c and b by Wisden (four for 133). Geo. Parr next faced Caesar, who, in the very next over bowled, was splendidly caught by Carpenter, at point. This was a brilliant, racy bit of cricket, and loudly applauded; and so was Julius Caesar, who never played better than he did in obtaining this 72, by two superb drives from Atkinson, for 5 each, five 4's (leg-hits cuts, and drive), six 3's, six 2's, Caesar was very properly called up to the Pavilion, and rewarded. He had exactly tied Grundy's, the highest United score. When Caesar left there were five wickets down for 135 runs or 190 still to be had. Anderson made a two and two singles, when a "big 'un" from Griffith bowled him (six for 143). H. H. Stephenson then faced G. Parr, who was shortly had at the wicket by the intangible Tom Lockyer, who was in grand form that morning, and one of the few Uniteds who appeared fully up to their work and fame. He had taken four wickets that morning, and six in the match—of a verity, "none but himself can be his parallel." When the match was over, Lockyer had altogether 25 7's, presented him for his splendid wicket keeping. Tinley then became Stephenson's mate, and the out-fielding of the United got wretchedly seedy, certainly set off finely by the superb style in which Carpenter, at point, stopped two hard cuts by Tinley, which otherwise would have turned up two 4's. The score rose to 177 by 3 o'clock, when Tinley was finally caught by Bell from Wisden. After dinner, Diver made a single and two 4's (leg hit and cut) from Wisden, when Grundy bowled him (nine for 189), and then the last All-Englandier, Willsher, joined Stephenson. Willsher was evidently quite unfit for play through sickness, but thought he might enable the score to be swelled a bit, and so it was, from 189 to 210, when at half-past five,

Stephenson touched one from Wisden into his wicket, and the United eleven had won the eleventh match by 115 runs; Stephenson scored 40 by some fine play. There were, it will be seen, 747 runs scored in the match, four wickets "bowed" by the All-England bowlers, and eight of the United; only one man was "run out," and that his own fault, and there was no wide or no balls bowled. Out of five byes scored against the United, four of them were from the wicket-keeper's hand, and thus sent widely out of the long-stop's course. Many of the byes on the other side were similarly obtained, Jackson, Diver, and Hayward each had a turn at long-stopping. Tom Barker had a rare benefit, the weather favoring him greatly, being brilliant all three days, and settling in to rain heavily somewhere about six hours after the finish of the match. The following is the full score of this important match:—

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Griffith	17	b Tarrant	12
Griffith c Parr b Tinley	31	b Jackson	18
Carpenter b w b Willsher	81	1 b w b Tarrant	44
Caffyn c Caesar b Hayward	0	c and b Tarrant	63
Grundy c Caesar b Tinley	72	c and b Tarrant	5
Lockyer c Caesar b Hayward	11	c Tinley b Hayward	26
Wisden c Daft b Tinley	0	c Tinley b Hayward	14
Bell c Tunes b Hayward	0	not out	28
Halton c Stephenson b Hayward	1	b Tinley	14
Mortlock not out	32	c Tarrant b Jackson	1
Atkinson run out	5	b Tarrant	13
Bye 1, leg bye 1	2	Byes 18, leg byes 4	22
Total	171	Total	260

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Caesar b Caffyn	0	c Carpenter b Griffith	72
Hayward c Lockyer b Atkinson	36	c and b Wisden	0
Willsher b Atkinson	19	not out	25
Daft c and b Griffith	0	c Lockyer b Griffith	4
Parr b Atkinson	19	c Lockyer b Wisden	6
R. Stephenson c Lockyer b G. Griffith	13	b Wisden	40
Anderson c Mortlock b Griffith	3	b Griffith	4
Tarrant c Griffith	13	c Lockyer b Grundy	19
Diver b Griffith	0	b Grundy	9
Tinley c Carpenter b Griffith	7	c Bell b Wisden	11
Jackson not out	0	c Lockyer b G. Griffith	13
Leg byes	3	Byes 5, leg byes 3	8
Total	106	Total	210

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.			
UNITED.		ALL ENGLAND.	
Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Griffith	37	76	10
Atkinson	42	94	3
Grundy	30	45	2
Caffyn	21	49	1
Wisden	19	36	4
Mortlock	1	0	0
ALL ENGLAND.			
Hayward	69	127	7
Tinley	40	85	4
Willsher	38	60	1
Tarrant	24	47	5
R. Stephenson	21	50	0
Jackson	13	35	2

Umpires—Messrs. Martingell and Wolles.

HISsing YANKEE DOODLE.

On a bright day, shortly after the Fourth of July, when the American troops were making warlike preparations for a fight with the rebels, there might have been seen in a tent not far from Arlington Heights, a number of officers sitting around a rudely-constructed table, upon which were two geese, several chickens, a portfolio, and paper, pen and ink.

Beyond the lines that formed the official circle stood a soldier, without cap, cartridge box, belt, or side arms. The Judge Advocate took his seat, and thus formed, what the reader may readily suppose, a court martial. The disarmed soldier was charged with killing and capturing two geese and two chickens, thus violating an order of the Commanding General, preventing a forcible taking of personal property. A court martial in such times, though not wanting in dignity, is generally hurried to conclusion.

The charge was read, the evidence was elicited, and it seemed to weigh heavily on the prisoner. He stood with downcast looks, when presently the Judge Advocate said: "Sir, you have heard the charge, and the evidence adduced to sustain it. It has been proven by the most positive evidence that you did early on the morning of the fifth of July, boldly level your musket, loaded with round ball and buckshot, and then did discharge said weapon, the contents thereof taking effect in the vital parts of two geese or ganders and two chickens, the property of some person or persons unknown. Thus you did on that special occasion violate the order of the Commanding General, which was issued to prevent the killing, maiming, chasing or wringing the necks of any geese, chickens, ducks, goslings, pigeons, cows, sheep, goats, bulls, calves, sows, hogs, boars, roasting pigs, or any other domesticated animal of whatever form or nature. Now, sir, what have you to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?"

"Sir," said the prisoner, raising his head, and revealing the features of an irrepressible Yankee, "I acknowledge that all the evidence adduced is true, so far as it goes. The motives, however, which prompted the act are known only within my own breast, and I should like to have a record of them made in mitigation of my punishment."

Judge Advocate—"Speak freely and slowly. Clerk, be sure and record every word."

Clerk—"Yes, sir; proceed, prisoner."

Prisoner—"May it please your honor, the celebration of our National Birthday Anniversary fanned the flame of my patriotism into an eternal conflagration. My buzzum was a boiler! Over with the warm elixir of 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' I felt happy, then, as much so as if I were celebrating the birthday of our country at my gay and happy Green Mountain home, far up in the State of Vermont. I felt, sir, that I could have eaten Jeff Davis for breakfast, lunched on Beauregard at eleven, served up Wigfall at three o'clock ordinary, and made my supper on the hull army of rebels. I had scorched my eyebrows—singled my whiskers—peeled the skin from my face—burnt my fingers, and got a piece of a percussion cap in my eye, on firing the thirteenth round in the general celebration of the everlasting, glorious old Fourth. But I didn't keel for all this yet; I was patriotic—I was determined to be patriotic, and early on the mornin' of the 5th I felt particularly savagous, and thought I'd take a mornin' stroll in the jaws of the valley. I hadn't got along very far 'fore I sees the geese and chickens comin' along."

"Wall, as I said afore, I felt a mighty sight of patriotic feeling in my buzzum, and, jist to keep up my spirits, I whistled Yankee Doodle, and then listened to the echoes a comin' back from the woods, soundin' for all the world jist like my own mountain home. I thought the woods were all for the Union. I felt glorious. I whistled again and again, and so did the geese. Wall, as I said afore, the geese came along, and I increased the sound of my whistle. I put my fingers in my mouth, and I did jist so. (Here the patriotic prisoner gave a blow that would have done no discredit to a Pennsylvania locomotive.) I got about half way through the chune, when the geese set up an eternal, almighty hissing, and stuck their long necks and heads at me."

"Crotch all hemlock, an' gosh 'mighty, but I fired up; I was all possessed and bilin' over with patriotism and glory, and says I, 'darn ye—ye'll hiss Yankee Doodle, will you?' Now, darn ye, take that, and I blazed away, and two chickens dropped."

A smile played on the faces of the members of the court martial, and there was a deal of suppressed laughter. "But the chickens, sir—the chickens," quickly replied the Judge Advocate, biting his lips; "they did not hiss?"

"Wall, no, sir, they did not hiss; they seemed to be held in reserve to cover the retreat of the rebel geese, and they fell because they were in bad company."

The next day the soldier was on duty, none the worse for the court martial. What became of the geese and the chickens never could be accurately ascertained.

JED CROUCH'S GUN.

AND HOW HE SHOT AND STRUNG THE SQUIRRELS.

"That ar gun," said Jed, setting down his glass and giving it an affectionate caress—"that ar gun has travelled around and around with me more'n any other man's shadder. Why, Susy—that's what I call this here wopling of death—Susy, night arter night in the big woods yonder, has laid alongside of me like she'd bin a born human. And she kin talk, and what she says makes an impression as is deep and lastin'. Why, onct I laid a bet of a bar'l o' whiskey that I could shoot the head off'n a bumble bee on the wing at a hundred yards 'thout injurin' or scorchin' the nateral 'natomy of his wings the leastest mite. Well, I won that ar bet. I let the bee fly up, and blazed away. Wen we examined that ar bee, thar were his body and thar were his wings, but his head were tuk off as clean as e'd had a knife to it."

"Ya-as, Jed," interrupted old Sam Striker, wiping from his chin a small Niagara of tobacco juice, a portion of which had spread into a bayou upon his shirt front—"ya-as, that's a peart shootin' iron, considerin' it kerries no more'n about fourteen to the pound."

"Why, Sam Striker, didn't I tell you about this ere gun and that ar squad of squirrels I shot?"

"Not as I remembers. Turn it up ag'in to keep it from spillin'."

"Wal, it's nigh upon more'n two months gone since I shot them nine squirrels."

"Why," broke in the landlord, "the last time you told that squirrel yarn, you only had seven squirrels."

"Wal, hadn't I shot two since?"

"Ya-as."

"As I was sayin', about two months ago, I was goin' along the edge of the woods like, and I seed a settin' on the top rail of Joe Morton's dividin' fence, ten of the fat-test squirrels!"

"Nine," correctively suggested the landlord.

"Landlord, ef you kin tell wot this here gun have did better'n I kin, you'd better go on."

"Jed, you just said nine squirrels; now you says ten."

"Yes, edactly; thar war one I didn't see at first, which hopped up from behind a big sliver. As I was sayin', I seed these squirrels a settin' on the top rail, and for end, in a row. Jist then a idea struck me to try a experiment. I thought I might as well string 'em at the same time I shot 'em. So I takes and drills a hole through a bullet and fastens to it a long twine which I had. Then I tuk the loose end of the twine and fastened it around the muzzle of Susy. Then I put the powder later the bar'l, then a light wad, and then the bullet. After which I jist gently teched it down with the ramrod. I stooped, bro't Susy up to my shoulder, tuk a far-squar aim. I draw'd a haif bead on them ten squirrels all in a row, and—bang! No sooner did I fire than the gun war jerked out'n my hands quicker'n greased lightning! I war skert. When I looked I seed the squirrels a hangin' one above t'other on the string to a beech tree fifteen feet from the place whar they'd bin settin'. They war stun dead. At one shot I had killed the whole ten. The bullet had gone straight through each one on 'em and pulled the string along with it, glanced and buried itself into the tree; and thar the squirrels hung as naturally as ef I'd put 'em thar. Wern't that a straight, thro'-by-daylight, shot, eh?"

"Rayther," said the landlord; "but, Jed, what was it jerked the gun out'n yer hands?"

"Um! oh! edactly! It was the strength of the powder. I put a leetle of an overcharge, and the ball went so amazing ferce, and the string bein' a trifle too short, and almighty strong, and bein' tied fast to the bar'l, and my bolt of the gun bein' weak, it war jerked. The gun hangin' at t'other end of the string, kept the squirrels from slippin' off—that shows thar's a destiny which shaves all our ends."

"That'll do Jed, let's whiskey."

"On that p'int," said Jed—"on that p'int I never disputes with nary one."

And the party drank—deep.

MUSCULAR POWER OF SOME BEETLES.—Of the muscular power of insects, a Mr. Goss gives two remarkable instances. The first performer he mentions was a three-horned beetle, larger than any English species, though perhaps not so long as some species of the stag beetle:—

"Every one who has taken the common beetle in his hand, knows that its limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful, but I was not prepared for so Samsonian a feat as I have just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss where to put it until I could kill it; but a quart bottle full of milk being on the table, I clapped the beetle for the present under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly, and glide along the smooth table propelled by the muscular powers of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce; so that it readily moved a weight 112 times exceeding it. A better notion than figures can convey, will be obtained of this feat, by supposing a lad of 15 to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs 12,000 pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement, by pushing within."

STEP LIVELY, GIRLS.—The girls of a boarding-school out for a walk ought to be a pleasant sight, one would think. But it really is not. The girls go along two by two, in such a listless, dawdling manner, that it puts an active person out of patience to see them. That is not the sort of exercise that young creatures want. Lambs, kids, colts, calves and boys, do not walk in that manner. It is not by walking so that clear complexions, straight backbones, and fully developed forms are attained. By no means. Girls, you must learn to "do" five miles in an hour and a half, and come home in a glow, before your afternoon walk will do you much good. And then those hoops! The largest hoops in the United States are worn by New-York school girls and southern negro women. It does a negro woman no harm to spread herself on a Sunday afternoon. But a growing girl, who ought to be an active, springy, running jumping, romping creature, should wear a costume that gives her the most absolute freedom of motion.

A CENTRE SHOT.—During the skirmish at Rich Mountain, a "secesher," thinking himself at a safe distance, turned his back, stooped over, and offered a glaring insult to our men. This act had the effect of making a Hoosier tearing mad. Considering himself highly insulted, and having great faith in his own powers and that of his Enfield rifle, he sent his compliments in the shape of an ounce ball, making a "centre" shot, the ball travelling the whole length of "secesher's" body, and coming out at the throat.

GREAT ON FOURTH PROOF.—A couple of typos down street, whose "boss" is very exacting in the number of "proofs" to be taken of every galley of matter, and who is also noted for his love of the "ardent," were recently discussing the folly of such a waste of time and paper involved in the reading or half reading of four proofs.

"But you know," said Bob, with a merry twinkle, "that 'boss' is great on fourth proof!"

"I AM afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman.

"I have come to want already," he replied—"I want your daughter!"

NEVER fancy a woman's esteem for your character equal to her admiration for your whiskers—if you happen to have a nice pair.

WHAT I LOVE.

I love the laugh of mocking girls—
I love the smiles of widows—
I love the croaking of green frogs
Among the marshy meadows;
But oh! I love them critics best
Divided in the middle,
When their kind words are nicely cooked
With butter on a griddle.
Well, I do.

I love the lily and the rose,
The laurel and the myrtle;
But oh! I better love by far
A whopping big mud turtle!
I love 'em when I notions take
To live on fancy wittles;
Oh! how I'd love one big enough
To fit a dozen kitties!
Well, I would.

SUMMARY JUSTICE OF OLDEN TIMES.

In the settlement of the Colony of Connecticut, about the year 1642, under the administration of Edward Hopkins, who for several years was Governor of the Colony, a law was passed by the General Court, as it was then called, prohibiting the killing of deer during those months in the year in which they were poor and of little or no value; and subjecting the offender to the penalty of a fine of forty shillings, "one moiety whereof to be paid the treasurer of the town wherein the offence shall be committed, and the other moiety to him who shall sue for and prosecute the same to effect. And in case the delinquent shall neglect or refuse to pay such fine he shall be publicly whipped on the naked body, not exceeding 20 stripes."

Sometime in the month of April, a month in which the law forbade the killing of deer, one of the Governor's neighbors called on him and stated that a buck for a length of time had been in the habit of feeding on a field of wheat near his house belonging to him, and had become fat—praying his Excellency, under the circumstances, to give him permission to kill the deer. The Governor replied, "I possess no authority by which I can dispense with the law—it would be of evil tendency and by no means admissible." The applicant urged his suit by informing the Governor that he was poor, had a family of small children—that although it was out of the season for killing deer, yet the buck had fattened on his property, and it would be a great favor to have permission to kill it. "I cannot," replied the Governor, firmly, "permit any one, under any circumstances whatever to violate the law—if you should proceed to kill the deer, have you any reason to suppose any one would feel disposed to prosecute?" "I have one neighbor," replied the applicant, naming him, "who like myself is poor, and who frequently kills deer himself contrary to the law, though nobody complains of him—this neighbor, I have reason to fear, would prosecute for the benefit of that part of the penalty to which he would be entitled by the statute."

"But," said the Governor, "in case you should kill the deer—though remember I give you no permission to do it, would it not be advisable to make a present to that neighbor a quarter of the venison to secure his friendship and silence?" Upon this, the applicant, without pressing his Excellency further, made his bow and retired.

About three weeks after this, the neighbor, who had been named, called upon the Governor, made complaint, and demanded a warrant against one of his neighbors for killing a deer contrary to the law. "What evidence," asked the Governor, "have you to support your complaint?" "Why," replied the complainant, "he told me he killed the deer, and more than that, he gave me a quarter of the venison." "Indeed!" said the Governor, "and how did you find it? was it eatable at this time of the year?" "O yes, Sir," replied the complainant, "it was really fat—we have had an open winter, you know, Sir, and the deer had fed on a field of wheat belonging to the man that killed it, and was as fat as deer usually are in the fall of the year." Upon this disclosure of facts, the Governor suggested to the complainant whether it would not be better to let the thing pass off without any prosecution. "You ought to consider," said he, "we are here in a new country—provisions are scarce—many of us experience great difficulties in sustaining our families—you are not insensible that the reason and object of the law was to prevent the destruction of the deer during the season in which they are poor, and not fit to be eaten—you say this venison was fat, and had become so by feeding on the wheat of the neighbor who killed it. In addition to this, you acknowledge he gave you a quarter of the venison. Now, under all these circumstances, would it not be considered unreasonable, and even ungrateful, to insist on prosecuting this neighbor, who, by your own account, has been so kind to you?"

But notwithstanding these suggestions, this second Shylock continued to press his suit, observing to the Governor, "I know my rights, Sir—I know I am entitled to one half the legal penalty—I also know, Sir, you are sworn to maintain and execute the law—you cannot, you dare not disallow my complaint and deny me the benefit of the law!" The complaint was filed a warrant issued upon it, and the delinquent was arrested and brought before the court, and being put to plead to the matters charged in the complaint, pleaded "Guilty."

As soon as the Governor had pronounced the sentence of the law upon him, the delinquent, in a mild but firm tone of voice, replied, "situated as I am I cannot undertake to pay the fine of forty shillings—I feel unwilling to starve my wife and children by shunning my back from the lash of the whip—I shall offer it as a satisfaction in lieu of the fine." The Governor accordingly made out and delivered to the constable the warrant of execution—a knowledge of the proceeding had roused a spirit of indignation among the neighbors against the pro-curator, and had brought them together to attend and hear the trial. The delinquent presented his naked back to the officer, observing to him that it would be unnecessary to tie his hands, as he should neither make resistance or attempt to escape. The constable tied a light tow string to the end of a short stick, and began to perform his duty by strokes more suitable to brush away flies than to inflict pain upon the back of a criminal. The Governor, who stood by with his law book under his arm, counted for the constable; and, as soon as ten were numbered, cried out "stop, Sir, let me see how the law reads!" Then, opening the book read, "the other moiety to him who shall sue for and prosecute the same to effect." "This prosecutor is entitled to one half of the penalty—take him, and bestow upon him the remaining ten stripes."

"O, but stop a little," said he, starting back, "touch me if you dare! Why, I have not been tried—you can't whip me," and made some attempts to escape. But the bystanders, regarding the command of the Governor more than the remonstrances of the complainant, instantly laid hands upon him, not in the most tender and delicate manner, and having bared his back, and by the assistance of cords placed him in the posture of hugging a tree made room for the approach of the officer. The tow string was now exchanged for a good and efficient horse-whip. "Mr. Constable," said the Governor, "you are acquainted with the circumstances attending this case—I hope you will perform your duty faithfully."

"Yes, please your Excellency," replied the constable, "I think I know my duty, and I guess I shall discharge it to the satisfaction of all present, with the exception of one only. I have already executed one sentence according to law—this I intend to execute according to law and equity both."

By the time the ten stripes were all told, the sufferer's back exhibited ample testimony of the indignant feelings of the spectators, and presented a durable scrofulaphic record of the prompt administration of summary justice.

WHAT SOLDIERS SHOULD DRINK.—Whiskey was unknown among the iron soldiers of Rome, who were the conquerors of the world. Water was their common drink, sometimes modified by weak sour wine, almost resembling vinegar.

HUNTING IN SCOTLAND.

The Highlands of Scotland are famous for their abundance of game of all kinds, hares, partridges, snipe, moor fowl, &c. Foxes are also numerous, and commit great devastation among their immense flocks of sheep, with which that part of Scotland is covered. The Highlanders are still famous for their great dexterity in hunting; the means they employ to obtain a proper opportunity to shoot the deer is somewhat remarkable; requiring not only great patience and perseverance, but also a very great portion of fatigue. This particular species of sport is termed by them *stalking*; and the manner they execute it is thus: the deer being an animal of the most jealous, quick, and watchful kind, it is extremely difficult to come within shot of him unseen; and the instant he spies any person, he immediately flies. The reader must not imagine that the deer spoken of are the same as those termed "the fallow deer;" they are not confined to any particular spot by water, or the works of art, but roam at large on the mountains as every other kind of wild game. Sometimes there are large herds of them seen together; and it has often been remarked, that there are generally a few on the watch to give the alarm to the rest. If they perceive any object capable of injuring them. Now the great art rests in approaching the deer without being discovered. To effect this, the Highland sportsman, when he is un-luckily seen, remains immovable in the very same position as when first spied by the animal; not stirring in the smallest degree any part of his body. Perhaps he must be obliged to rest in this situation for a considerable space of time, and always until the deer, being deceived, draws his eyes from him; because not perceiving any motion of the hunter, he considers him to be some common inanimate body from which he needs not apprehend any danger. Sometimes the sportsman is perceived by the deer, when crossing a stream, perhaps up to the waist in water; and if he wants to gain his point, he must remain there till the animal does not distinguish the deception. In this manner he is obliged to conduct himself with the utmost precaution and circumspection, till he arrives within shot of his object, when he seldom fails doing execution, the Highlanders being naturally excellent marksmen. The most frequent places to find the deer are in the valleys and narrow passes of the mountains; they hunt them sometimes with a kind of very large dog, of the greyhound species, remarkable for its strength and swiftness. The writer has often heard, that when the former is pursued so close as to be in danger of being overtaken by the latter, he courageously turns about and fights his enemy, till he is either shot by some of the hunters, or killed by the dog alone; and that despair has been known to arm him with sufficient resolution to attack the sportsman himself. It is observable, that the deer constantly adhere to the track of the wind, and the Highlanders know how to take advantage of this circumstance.

The chieftains hunted formerly in the following manner:—Several distinguished chiefs met at a proper spot. Their vassals and clansmen, a part of whose feudal duty it was to attend upon such parties, appeared in such numbers as amounted to a small army. These active assistants spread through the country far and near, forming a circle, technically called the *linch*, which, gradually closing, drove the deer in herds together towards the glen where the chiefs and principal sportsmen lay in wait for them. In the meanwhile these distinguished personages rested among the flowery heath, wrapped up in their plaids; a mode of passing a summer's night on such occasions by no means unpleasant. For many hours the mountain ridges and passes retained their ordinary appearance of silence and solitude, and the chiefs, with their followers, amused themselves with various pastimes, in which the joys of the shell, as Ossian has it, were not forgotten. "Others apart sat on a hill retired," probably as deeply engaged in the discussion of politics and news, as Milton's spirits in metaphysical disquisition. At length signals of the approach of game were descried and heard. Distant shouts resounded from valley to valley as the various parties of Highlanders, climbing rocks, struggling through copes wading brooks, and traversing thickets, approached more and more near to each other, and compelled the astonished deer, with the other wild animals that fled before them, into a narrow circuit. Every now and then the report of muskets was heard, repeated by a thousand echoes. The baying of the dogs was soon added to the chorus. At length the advanced parties of the deer began to show themselves; and as the strugglers came bounding down the pass by two or three at a time, the chiefs showed their skill by distinguishing the fattest deer, and their dexterity in bringing them down with their guns.

But now the main body of the deer appeared at the head of the glen, compelled into a very narrow compass, and presenting a most formidable phalanx, their antlers appearing at a distance over the ridge of the steep pass like a leafless grove. Their number was very great, and from a desperate stand which they made, with the tallest of the red deer stags arranged in front, in a sort of battle array, gazing on the group which barred their passage down the glen, the more experienced sportsmen began to augur danger. The work of destruction, however, now commenced on all sides. Dogs and hunters were at work, and muskets and fuses resounded from every quarter. The deer, driven to desperation, made at length a fearful charge right upon the spot where the more distinguished sportsmen had taken their stand. The word was given in Gaelic to fling themselves upon their faces; when the whole herd fairly ran over them. When the whole herd broke down upon them in an irresistible tide, the Highlanders, accustomed to such incidents, and prepared for them, suffered no harm.

GUNSHOT WOUNDS—CAUSES OF COLLAPSE.

COLLAPSE may be caused by a great variety of injuries, either to the body or mind, by sudden extremes of grief, joy, fear, cold, or large doses of sedative poisons, as arsenic, tobacco, poisonous liquors; by great loss of blood, gunshot wounds, &c. In gunshot wounds we include all the injuries caused by the discharge, or bursting of fire arms, of every grade and variety. "A cannon shot," says Wm. Cole, "for the first five or six hundred yards, grinds to powder and destroys everything that opposes its hissing course." "If it strikes a limb," says Mr. Drutt, "it knocks it off, leaving a stump covered by a disintegrated mass of pulped tissues and bone ground to powder; but if it travels four or five hundred yards further, and loses some of its impetus, the injury it inflicts is tenfold greater. It tears its way more deliberately, lacerates the skin, cuts the muscles into longer and looser flaps, and splits the bone to a considerable distance above the wound."

Should the shot strike the limb slantingly, it may inflict a severe laceration, with or without injury to the bone. Of such injuries, those which tear across the great vessels and nerves are the most dangerous, and are more liable to produce severe shocks to the system. Spent balls also produce severe injuries, and are most dangerous; many fatal accidents have occurred from balls that were supposed to be nearly spent. They may not have sufficient force to destroy the limb or part of the body with which they come in contact, but will produce extensive contusions without rupturing the surface, or denuding the body in any way. Such injuries were formerly called wind contusions, being supposed to depend upon the commotion of the air, caused by the passage of the ball close to the part injured, without striking it. Although the skin may not be broken, injuries inflicted by spent balls are frequently of the most severe character, and the part beneath the site of the injury is frequently so destroyed and disorganized as to be entirely irreparable. Musket and pistol shots may be followed by great prostration and collapse, without being otherwise a fatal injury. Also bayonet and sword wounds contusions upon the head with muskets or implements of warfare, produce the same effect.

The first duty of the nurse is to attempt to produce a

reaction where a collapse exists. This should be done by placing the patient in as favorable a position as possible for ease and fresh air; after which apply mustard sinapians to the spine calves of the legs, inner portions of the thighs and epigastrium, or over the stomach, allowing the patient to inhale camphor vapor, ammonia, and dash cold water in the face; also by the administration of stimulating enemata, such as ginger or weak capicum tea, into the rectum, and stimulants into the stomach when required.

Among the best stimulants to be administered internally is a tincture of prickly ash berries. One teaspoonful added to a wineglass of warm water, sweetened, and administered every fifteen minutes, will have a most salutary influence; also small doses of capsicum, administered in a little mucilage, are most beneficial where there is entire syncope. Much care should be observed that the reaction is not too violent, as in such cases it is usually connected with pain in the head, sometimes delirium, full, bounding pulse, hot, dry skin, &c. These symptoms may be essentially modified by bathing the head either in cold or tepid water, frequent sponging of the body, and the administration of small doses of either tincture of aconite or veratrum viride.

A SET-TO

BETWEEN A MAJOR GENERAL AND A WAGONER.

The following anecdote is highly characteristic of the period of our history in which it occurred, and of the persons to whom it relates.

Captain Crawford, of Virginia—the same who afterwards, under the name of Colonel Crawford, was taken prisoner, inhumanly tortured, and murdered by the Indians—was marching a company from the frontiers of his own State to the Ohio river. The occasion is not exactly known; it might have been during Braddock's expedition in 1763, or in some of the expeditions previous to Dunmore's war, which occurred in 1774. From the ages of the parties, we rather incline to the former date. Crawford's men were, of course, hunters and farmers from the out-kirts of the Virginia settlements—most probably young, daring, hardy volunteers, of the same class as the pioneers who shortly after that period over-ran the forests of Kentucky; and he himself was a bold, enterprising man. Previous to his leaving the neighborhood of the settlements, Crawford, from some accident, found himself in want of the means of transportation for some of his baggage or stores, and at a place where he halted in the woods fortunately fell in with a wagoner who had stopped to rest his horses at the same spot. In such an emergency, Captain Crawford felt no hesitation in pressing the team and its driver into the service, and accordingly communicated his designs to the wagoner. The latter, highly incensed, was inclined to resist what he considered an oppressive act; but he was alone, in the midst of a military band, who were ready and able, at a word, to enforce their commander's order. The wagoner was a force, gigantic, two fisted, square built fellow, who bore on his face the marks of many a hard fought battle. He was, in fact, a noted brawler. He received Captain Crawford's order with an air of great dissatisfaction, and remained for a moment silent, looking sullenly at the troops, as if indignantly measuring their strength against his own weakness. He then observed to the Captain, that it was hard to be forced to go against his own will—that every man ought to have a fair chance—that he had not a fair chance, inasmuch as the odds were so great against him as to deprive him of the power of protecting his own right. He would, however, make a proposition, which he thought the Captain was bound in honor to accede to: "I will fight you," said he, "or any man in your company. If I am whipped, I will go with you cheerfully; but if I conquer, you must let me off." In making this proposal, the wagoner showed himself an able negotiator. He either knew Crawford's character, or he had read it during the interview. The Captain was an expert woodsman, stout, active, and chivalrous, and prided himself on his personal prowess, for which he had already obtained some celebrity. To have declined the wagoner's challenge might have seemed to indicate a want of manhood—it might have lessened him in the eyes of his men—and his own disposition and code of ethics, perhaps, suggested that the wagoner was entitled, in justice to the fair chance which he claimed. He accordingly accepted the challenge, and both parties began to strip for the combat.

At this moment, a tall young man, who had recently joined the company, and was a stranger to most of them, who had been leaning carelessly against a tree, eyeing the scene with apparent unconcern, stepped forward, and drew Crawford aside. "Captain," said he, "you must let me fight that man; he will whip you." Crawford was not willing to appear to back out, but the youth insisted that to have the Captain baten which would be the result if he persisted, would tarnish the honor of the company; and moreover, that he himself was the only man who could whip the wagoner. The confidence of the youth, and a something about him which inspired confidence in others, enabled him to carry his point. Captain Crawford having done all that policy required, in accepting the challenge, very prudently suffered himself to be persuaded by his men to let the stranger take his place.

The two combatants were soon stripped and prepared for the fight. There was a great disparity in their appearance, the odds being decidedly in favor of the wagoner. He was in the vigor of life, big, muscular, hardened by exposure, and experience in affairs of this kind. The youth, who, when clad in his hunting skirt, seemed slender, now showed himself to be a young giant. His frame had not yet acquired the fullness, the compactness, and the vigor of ripe manhood which it afterwards possessed to so high a degree—his limbs seemed to be loosely hung together, but his bones and muscles were enormous, and his eye full of courage.

The conflict, though bloody, was short. The wagoner was completely and terribly beaten. The youth sprung on him with the ferocity of an enraged tiger, and the battle was no longer doubtful. Wherever the tremendous fist of the youth struck, it inflicted a severe wound. The blood followed every blow; and the wagoner, who had been the victor in many a hard fought field, in a few minutes lay mangled and exhausted at the feet of his vanquisher, who was but little, if at all hurt.

That youth was DANIEL MORRAN, who had now, for the first time, taken the field against the enemies of his country as a private soldier, who afterwards rose to the rank of Major General, who so often led our armies in battle, and who was perhaps more frequently engaged with the enemy than any other officer of the American revolution. He was as celebrated for his activity, strength, and personal courage, as for his military genius; and the above is one of a great number of incidents in his life which attest his almost incredible bodily power.

CHIVALRIC WAGER OF BATTLE.—It may be interesting to notice one instance of judicial appeal to arms which occurred in the reign of Edward III., and is perhaps the more remarkable, since both combatants came from beyond seas, and were the champions of the good faith even of kings, who sought that the disputed cause should be thus discussed and decided in the presence of the King of England, whose inflexible justice in matters of this kind was appreciated throughout Europe. It is also curious to observe that the victory in this instance was determined by the use of gauntlets, armed with certain spikes called gaddings, with which one only of the combatants was provided; and since the issue of the combat turned upon this very inequality of equipment, it would seem that, in the vaunted justice of the time, such advantages were overlooked. The combatants were Sir John di Visconti, on the part of Hugh the Valiant, King of Cyprus, and Sir Thomas de la Marche, on that of the King of France. The 14th of October was the day determined on for the trial, which was appointed to be decided in a close field within the lists, at the Palace of Westminster. On that

day the ground was taken up by the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Court, armed at all points, as spectators; and at the signal by trumpet the combat began. The knights ran but one tilting course, for their lances were shivered at the first shock on each other's shields, with no available effect, as each champion maintained a firm seat in his saddle. The conflict was then continued on foot with equal valor and advantage, until the weapons of both became useless from the severe and determined exertions of the champions. The battle was continued by grappling each other, striving even thus for a yet doubtful victory, when, as both were wrestling, after having fallen, the champion of the French King struck his opponent in the face through the bars of his vizor, by means of the gaddings with which his gauntlets were armed; and this he repeated as frequently as opportunity served, until Sir John di Visconti declared himself unable longer to continue the combat; on hearing which the King threw down his warlike marshal cried "Ho!" and the combat ended.

THE ordinary rate of speed per second is as follows:—Of a man walking, 6 feet; of a good horse in harness, 12 feet; of a good sailing ship, 18 feet; of a reindeer in a sleigh on the ice, 24 feet; of a race horse, 72 feet; of a hare, locomotive, or hurricane, 84 feet; of sound, 1,092 feet; of a cannon ball, 1,344 feet; of the earth's rotation at the equator, 1,521 feet; of the earth's velocity in its orbit, 96,182 feet, or 19 miles.

A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.—Fasten a nail or key to a string, and suspend it from your thumb and finger, and the nail will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his open hand under the nail and it will change to a circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the nail becomes in a moment stationary. We leave it to the philosopher to explain the why and wherefore.

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It is sold by dealers general. Price \$1. Or I send it to any part

of the city or country, by mail, postage free.

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